TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE

More Transformers from IDW:

Transformers: Windblade

Transformers: Distant Stars

Transformers: More Than Meets The Eye, Vol. 1-10

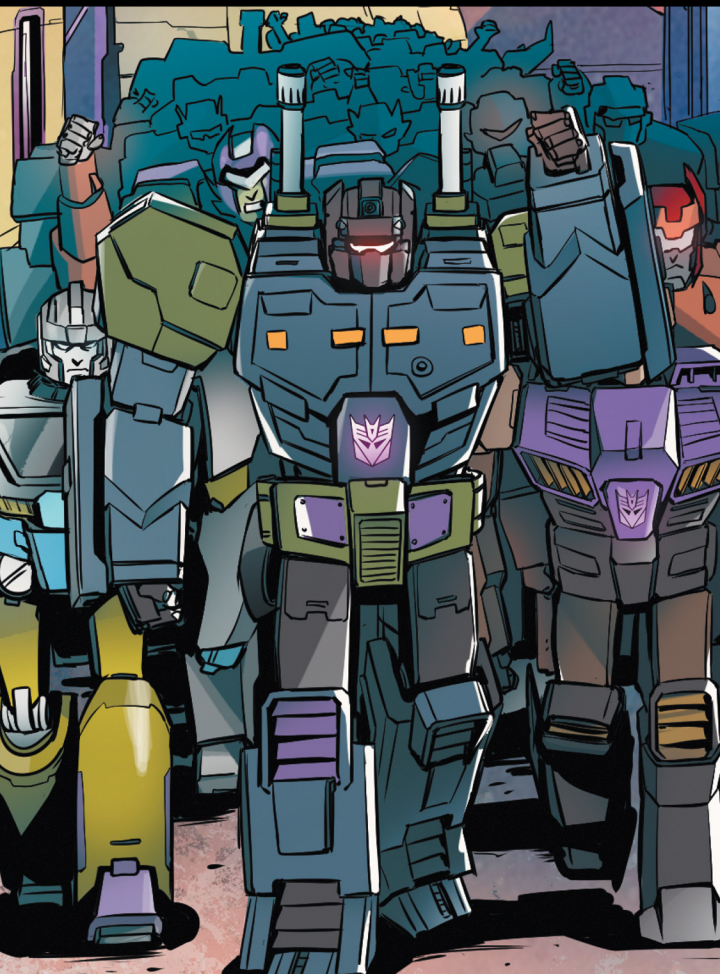
Transformers, Vol. 1-10

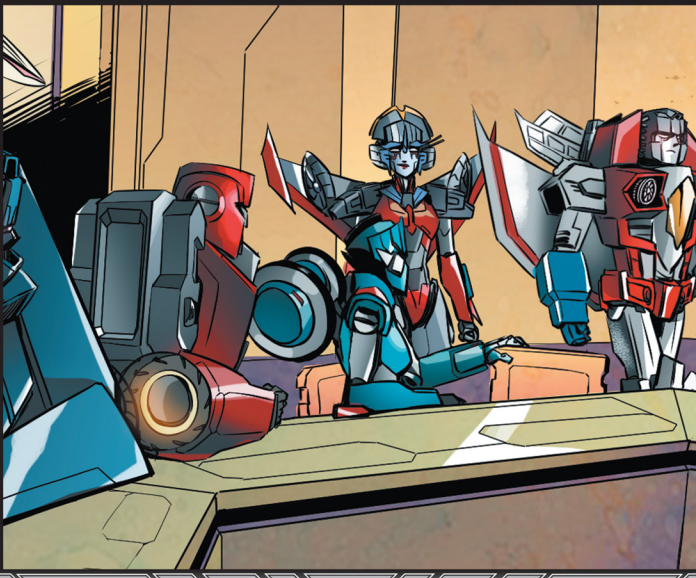
Transformers: The IDW Collection, Vol. 1-8

Transformers: The IDW Collection Phase Two, Vol. 1-4

TRANSFORMERS

TILL ALL ARE ONE





COVER BY SARA PITRE-DUROCHER

COLLECTION EDITS BY JUSTIN EISINGER AND ALONZO SIMON

COLLECTION DESIGN BY RON ESTEVEZ

PUBLISHER: TED ADAMS

eISBN: 9781684061082

DIGITAL

IDW® Licensed by Hasbro

www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Ted Adams, CEO & Publisher
Greg Goldstein, President & COO
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Chris Ryall, Chief Creative Officer/Editor-in-Chief
Laurie Windrow, Senior Vice President of Sales & Marketing
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Dirk Wood, VP of Marketing
Lorelei Bunjes, VP of Digital Services
Jeff Webber, VP of Licensing, Digital and Subsidiary Rights
Jerry Bennington, VP of New Product Development

Facebook: **facebook.com/idwpublishing**
Twitter: **@idwpublishing**
YouTube: **youtube.com/idwpublishing**
Tumblr: **tumblr.idwpublishing.com**
Instagram: **instagram.com/idwpublishing**

THE TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE, VOLUME 1. DECEMBER 2016. FIRST PRINTING. HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 2765 Truxtun Road, San Diego, CA 92106. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in USA.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as THE TRANSFORMERS: TILL ALL ARE ONE issues #1–4.

WRITTEN BY **MAIRGHREAD SCOTT**

ART BY **SARA PITRE-DUROCHER**

COLORS BY **PRISCILLA TRAMONTANO**
AND **JOANA LAFUENTE**

LETTERS BY **TOM B. LONG**

SERIES EDITS BY **JOHN BARBER**

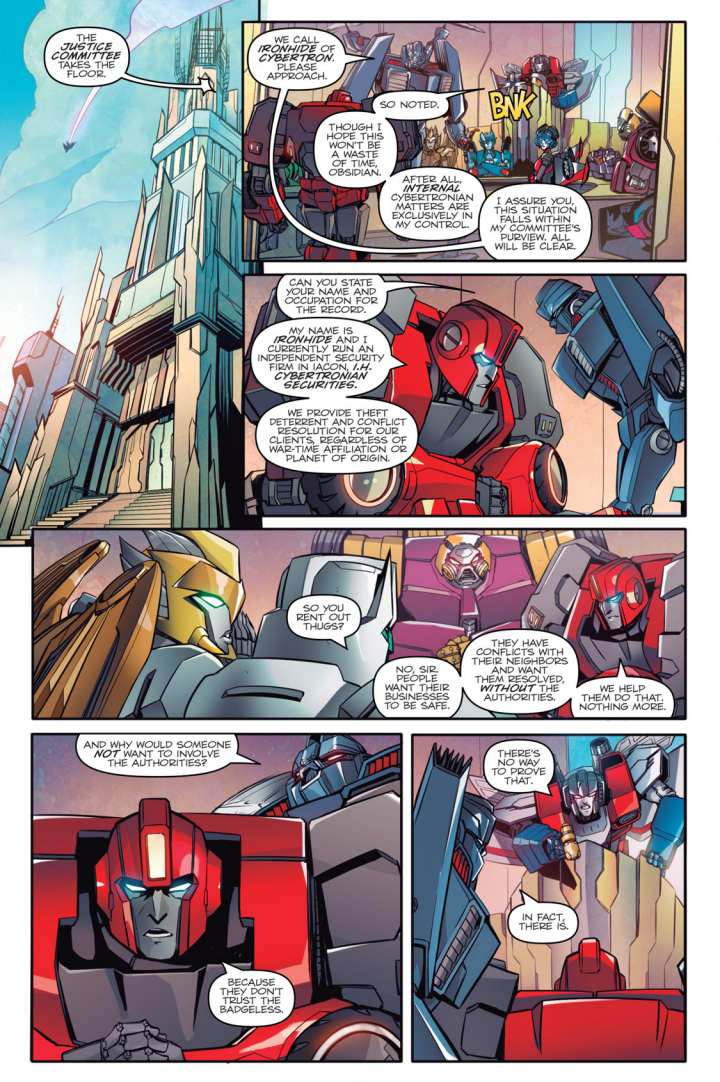
SPECIAL THANKS TO **HASBRO'S BEN MONTANO, DAVID ERWIN, JOSH FELDMAN, ED LANE, BETH ARTALE,** AND **MICHAEL KELLY.**

Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher

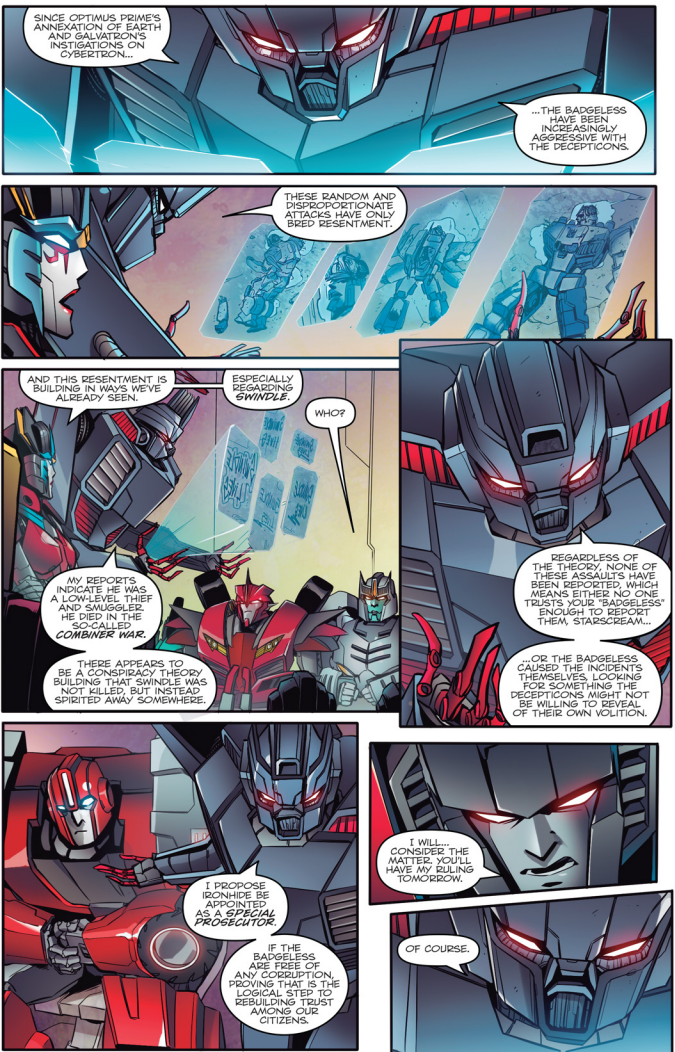
IACON/METROPLEX.
TIME: 06:57:34
...CHKK... SW... AKH...
TIME: 06:58:12
...SWWW—
TIME: 06:59:55

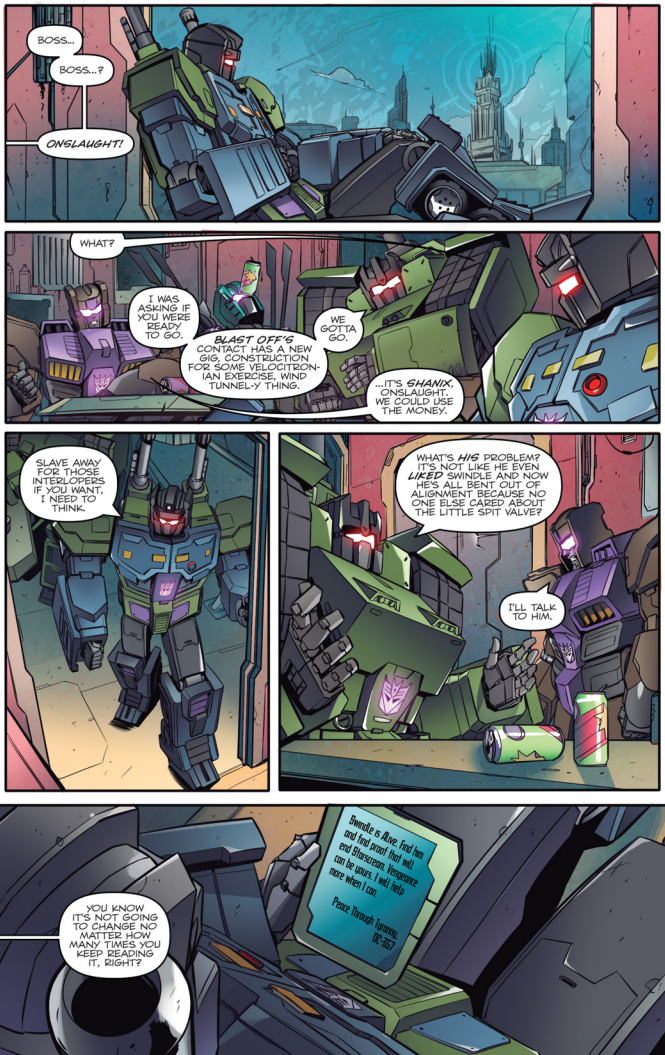
IT'S JUST SO CROWDED HERE.
DON'T WORRY, MY LOVE. EVEN STARSCREAM CAN'T DENY OUR EXPANSION FOREVER.
I WISH I HAD YOUR OPTIMISM.
07:0
...AT LEAST NAVITAS IS IMPROVING. THE CITYSPEAKERS TELL ME THAT HE'S NOT ONLY THINKING CLEARER, BUT THE ENTIRE CITY IS RUNNING MORE EFFICIENTLY.
ENERGON FILTRATION MAINTENANCE. COMPLETE.
WIND-VOICE = TROUBLED.
...THINGS ARE GETTING BETTER, METROPLEX. THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS.
SIR, YOU'RE 0.38 SECONDS OFF YOUR SCHEDULED LEAVE-TIME FOR YOUR COUNCIL MEETING.
BUT MOONRACER'S MY ASSISTANT!
AND VELOCITRONIANS CAN'T EVER BE LATE. UNFORTUNATELY, HE'S RIGHT, LADIES.
I'VE GOTTA GET GOING, BUT QUICKLIGHTWING CAN DISCUSS OUR PRICE STRUCTURES WITH YOU.
OF COURSE—
—WE WOULD GREATLY APPRECIATE IT.

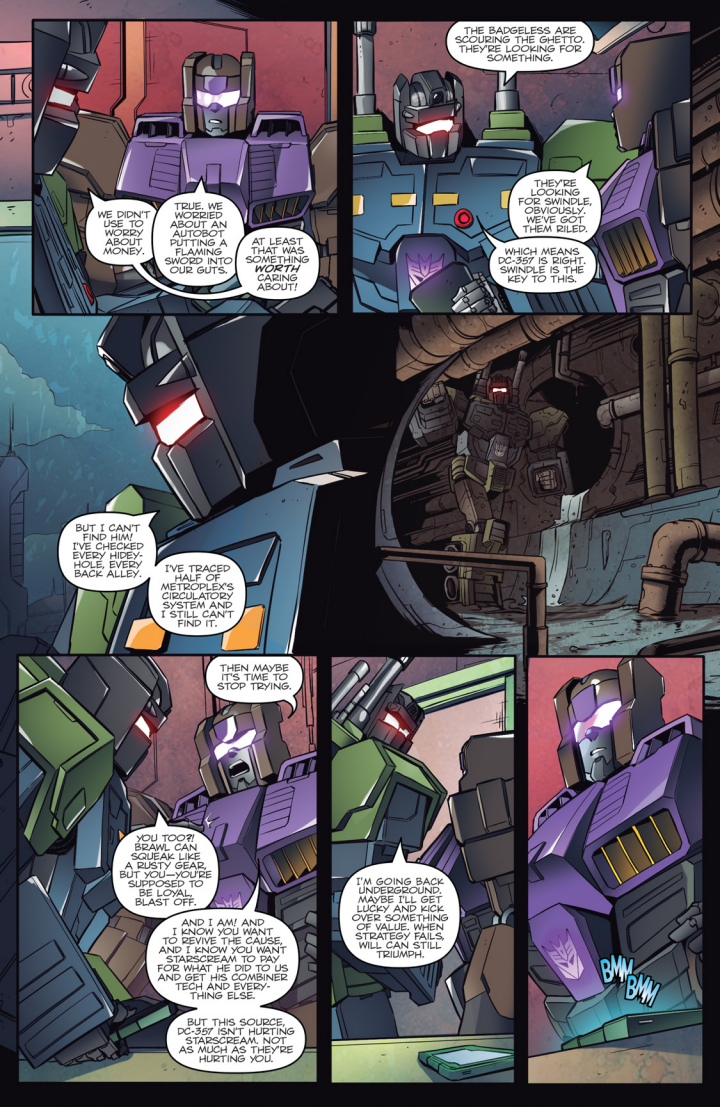
...CONFIRMED IT MYSELF.
THEN DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT. THE BALANCE MUST BE MAINTAINED UNTIL OUR UPGRADES ARE COMPLETED, BUT THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH.
SWINDLE
OPTICS OPEN, BUDDY. GOT A BADGELESS ROBBERY REPORT NOT TWO KLICKS OUT FROM HERE.
DON'T WORRY, FOLKS.
YOU'RE IN SAFE HANDS WITH I.H. CYBERTRONIAN SECURITIES.
SO THERE'S NO NEED TO FREAK OUT THE CLIENTS!
...UNTIL THE DAY SHE MIGHT NOT BE.
JUST TRY TO KEEP THAT IN MIND. BE NICE... ER, FOR ME?
WE CAN'T KNOW FOR SURE. IF THE RUMORS ARE TRUE...
YOU'RE OBSESSING, STARSCREAM. ARE YOU REALLY WILLING TO RISK THIS MUCH, TO CAUSE THIS MUCH SUFFERING, JUST TO PROVE SOMEONE'S ALREADY DEAD WHEN YOU SHOT HIM YOURSELF?

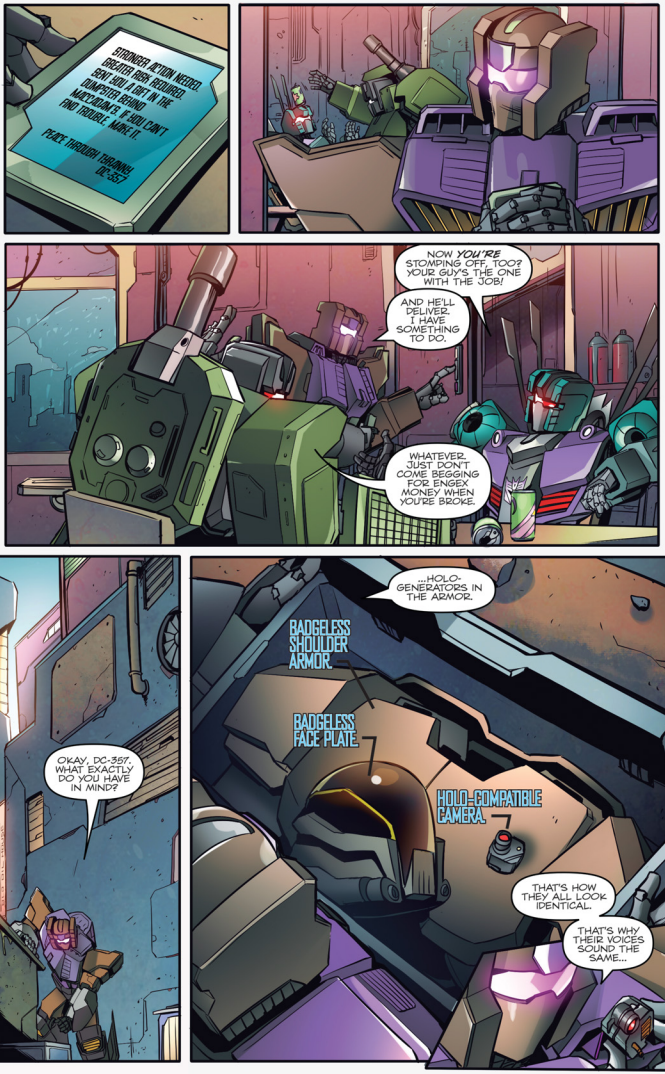

THE JUSTICE COMMITTEE TAKES THE FLOOR.
WE CALL IRONHIDE OF CYBERTRON. PLEASE APPROACH.
SO NOTED.
BNK
THOUGH I HOPE THIS WON'T BE A WASTE OF TIME, OBSIDIAN.
AFTER ALL, INTERNAL CYBERTRONIAN MATTERS ARE EXCLUSIVELY IN MY CONTROL.
I ASSURE YOU, THIS SITUATION FALLS WITHIN MY COMMITTEE'S PURVIEW. ALL WILL BE CLEAR.
CAN YOU STATE YOUR NAME AND OCCUPATION FOR THE RECORD.
MY NAME IS IRONHIDE AND I CURRENTLY RUN AN INDEPENDENT SECURITY FIRM IN IACON, I.H. CYBERTRONIAN SECURITIES.
WE PROVIDE THEFT DETERRENT AND CONFLICT RESOLUTION FOR OUR CLIENTS, REGARDLESS OF WAR-TIME AFFILIATION OR PLANET OF ORIGIN.
SO YOU RENT OUT THUGS?
NO, SIR. PEOPLE WANT THEIR BUSINESSES TO BE SAFE.
THEY HAVE CONFLICTS WITH THEIR NEIGHBORS AND WANT THEM RESOLVED, WITHOUT THE AUTHORITIES.
WE HELP THEM DO THAT. NOTHING MORE.
AND WHY WOULD SOMEONE NOT WANT TO INVOLVE THE AUTHORITIES?
BECAUSE THEY DON'T TRUST THE BADGELESS.
THERE'S NO WAY TO PROVE THAT.
IN FACT, THERE IS.

FIVE DECEPTICONS HAVE BEEN FOUND THIS WEEK ALONE, BEATEN TO A PULP WITH NO MEMORY OF WHO DID IT OR WHY.
THE LAST VICTIM *DIED* FROM HIS INJURES.
AND WE DON'T THINK THESE ARE DRUNKEN BRAWLS BECAUSE...?
BECAUSE THESE INCISION MARKS ARE CLEARLY FROM A MNEMOSURGEON.
THEY WERE ATTACKED FOR THEIR MEMORIES?
PERHAPS IT'S A KILLER WHO LIKES TO STEAL MEMORIES OR A THIEF LOOKING FOR INFORMATION.
COULD THEY ATTACK *OUR* PEOPLE AS WELL?
THEY'VE ONLY TARGETED 'CONS SO FAR. THERE'S NO REASON TO THINK THAT'LL CHANGE.
WHICH MEANS IT CONTINUES TO BE AN *INTERNAL* CYBERTRONIAN MATTER.
ON THE CONTRARY. THE LATEST VICTIM, THE ONE WHO DIED, WAS A *DECEPTICON*, BUT HE WAS ALSO A KEY SUPPLIER OF PARTS TO CARCER.
HIS DEATH HAS SIGNIFICANTLY IMPACTED VITAL REPAIR EFFORTS.
ELITA ONE HERSELF HAS INSISTED IT BE INVESTIGATED.
CYBERTRONIAN OR NOT, WE CAN'T JUST STAND BY WHILE PEOPLE'S BRAINS ARE CUT UP, STARSCREAM.


SINCE OPTIMUS PRIME'S ANNEXATION OF EARTH AND GALVATRON'S INSTIGATIONS ON CYBERTRON...
...THE BADGELESS HAVE BEEN INCREASINGLY AGGRESSIVE WITH THE DECEPTICONS.
THESE RANDOM AND DISPROPORTIONATE ATTACKS HAVE ONLY BRED RESENTMENT.
AND THIS RESENTMENT IS BUILDING IN WAYS WE'VE ALREADY SEEN.
ESPECIALLY REGARDING *SWINDLE*.
WHO?
MY REPORTS INDICATE HE WAS A LOW-LEVEL THIEF AND SMUGGLER. HE DIED IN THE SO-CALLED *COMBINER WAR*.
THERE APPEARS TO BE A CONSPIRACY THEORY BUILDING THAT SWINDLE WAS NOT KILLED, BUT INSTEAD SPIRITED AWAY SOMEWHERE.
REGARDLESS OF THE THEORY, NONE OF THESE ASSAULTS HAVE BEEN REPORTED, WHICH MEANS EITHER NO ONE TRUSTS YOUR "BADGELESS" ENOUGH TO REPORT THEM, STARSCREAM...
...OR THE BADGELESS CAUSED THE INCIDENTS THEMSELVES, LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THE DECEPTICONS MIGHT NOT BE WILLING TO REVEAL OF THEIR OWN VOLITION.
I PROPOSE IRONHIDE BE APPOINTED AS A *SPECIAL PROSECUTOR*.
IF THE BADGELESS ARE FREE OF ANY CORRUPTION, PROVING THAT IS THE LOGICAL STEP TO REBUILDING TRUST AMONG OUR CITIZENS.
I WILL... CONSIDER THE MATTER. YOU'LL HAVE MY RULING TOMORROW.
OF COURSE.


BOSS...
BOSS...?
ONSLAUGHT!
WHAT?
I WAS ASKING IF YOU WERE READY TO GO.
BLAST OFF'S CONTACT HAS A NEW GIG, CONSTRUCTION FOR SOME VELOCITRONIAN EXERCISE, WIND TUNNEL-Y THING.
WE GOTTA GO.
...IT'S SHANIX, ONSLAUGHT. WE COULD USE THE MONEY.
SLAVE AWAY FOR THOSE INTERLOPERS IF YOU WANT, I NEED TO THINK.
WHAT'S HIS PROBLEM? IT'S NOT LIKE HE EVEN LIKED SWINDLE AND NOW HE'S ALL BENT OUT OF ALIGNMENT BECAUSE NO ONE ELSE CARED ABOUT THE LITTLE SPIT VALVE?
I'LL TALK TO HIM.
Swindle is Alive. Find her and find proof that will end Starscream Vengeance can be yours. I will help more when I can.
Peace Through Tyranny,
DC-357
YOU KNOW IT'S NOT GOING TO CHANGE NO MATTER HOW MANY TIMES YOU KEEP READING IT, RIGHT?


WE DIDN'T USE TO WORRY ABOUT MONEY.
TRUE. WE WORRIED ABOUT AN AUTOBOT PUTTING A FLAMING SWORD INTO OUR GUTS.
AT LEAST THAT WAS SOMETHING *WORTH* CARING ABOUT!
THE BADGELESS ARE SCOURING THE GHETTO. THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING.
THEY'RE LOOKING FOR SWINDLE, OBVIOUSLY. WE'VE GOT THEM RILED.
WHICH MEANS DC-357 IS RIGHT. SWINDLE IS THE KEY TO THIS.
BUT I CAN'T FIND HIM! I'VE CHECKED EVERY HIDEY-HOLE, EVERY BACK ALLEY.
I'VE TRACED HALF OF METROPLEX'S CIRCULATORY SYSTEM AND I STILL CAN'T FIND IT.
THEN MAYBE IT'S TIME TO STOP TRYING.
YOU TOO?! BRAWL CAN SQUEAK LIKE A RUSTY GEAR, BUT YOU—YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE LOYAL, BLAST OFF.
AND I AM! AND I KNOW YOU WANT TO REVIVE THE CAUSE, AND I KNOW YOU WANT STARSCREAM TO PAY FOR WHAT HE DID TO US AND GET HIS COMBINER TECH AND EVERYTHING ELSE.
BUT THIS SOURCE, DC-357 ISN'T HURTING STARSCREAM. NOT AS MUCH AS THEY'RE HURTING YOU.
I'M GOING BACK UNDERGROUND. MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY AND KICK OVER SOMETHING OF VALUE. WHEN STRATEGY FAILS, WILL CAN STILL TRIUMPH.
BAM BAM


STRONGER ACTION NEEDED. GREATER RISK REQUIRED. SENT YOU A GIFT IN THE DUMPSTER BEHIND MACCADAM'S. IF YOU CAN'T FIND TROUBLE, MAKE IT.
PEACE THROUGH THRUNNY. DC-357
NOW YOU'RE STOMPING OFF, TOO? YOUR GUY'S THE ONE WITH THE JOB!
AND HE'LL DELIVER. I HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.
WHATEVER. JUST DON'T COME BEGGING FOR ENGEX MONEY WHEN YOU'RE BROKE.
OKAY, DC-357. WHAT EXACTLY DO YOU HAVE IN MIND?
...HOLO-GENERATORS IN THE ARMOR.
BADGELESS SHOULDER ARMOR.
BADGELESS FACE PLATE.
HOLO-COMPATIBLE CAMERA.
THAT'S HOW THEY ALL LOOK IDENTICAL.
THAT'S WHY THEIR VOICES SOUND THE SAME...

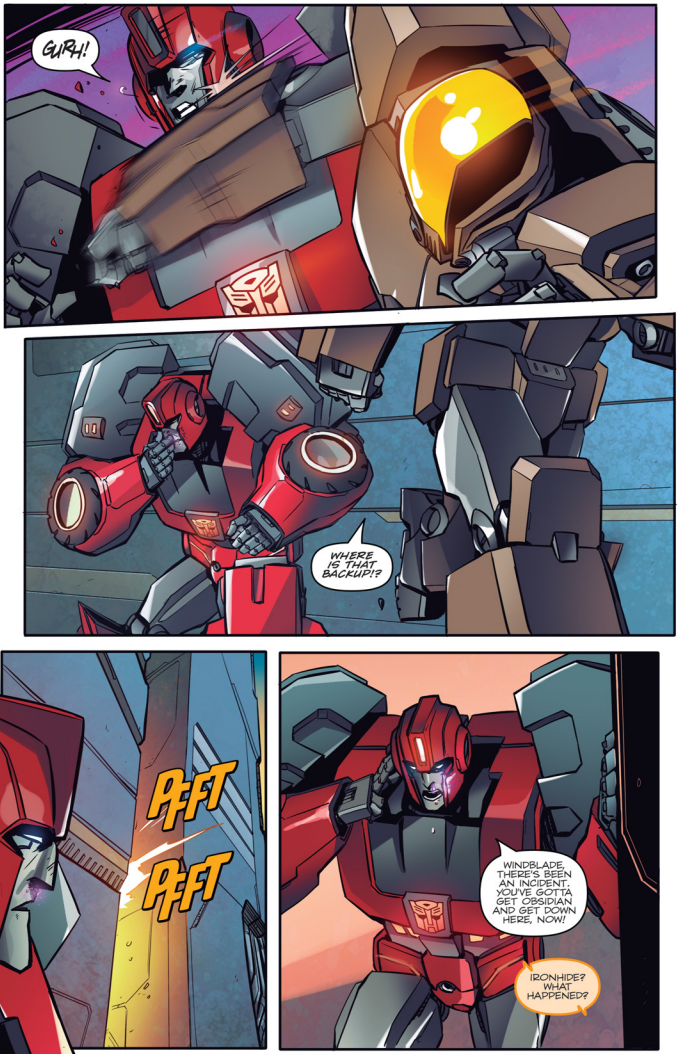
...WELL, AT LEAST IT'S OVER.
IRONHIDE!
I'M SORRY I DRAGGED YOU INTO ALL OF THIS, OBSIDIAN AND I... THINGS NEED TO CHANGE.
BUT I'D NEVER WANT YOU TO BE IN DANGER.
I DON'T MIND A LITTLE DANGER, WINDBLADE. NOT IF IT MEANS HELPING YOU KEEP STARSCREAM IN LINE.
...YES. WELL, I TRY.
BRRRBRRR
WHAT IS IT?
AN ALERT FROM MACCADAM'S. LOOKS LIKE BLURR'S GOT AN UNRULY CUSTOMER.
DOES ANYONE WANT A DRINK?
I HAVE A MOUNTAIN OF PAPERWORK THAT BARELY MAKES SENSE SOBER.
STRIKA AND I ARE GONNA DO SOME SPARRING. I AM NOT FIGHTIN' THAT LADY DRUNK.
FINE. SEE YOU LATER.

BLURR. WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM?
GUESS.
YOU... YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE CAM-YANS, RIGHT? THE FAM-BOTS?
AND WE'RE FROM CARCER, NOT CAMINUS. SO MAYBE YOU SHOULD BACK OFF.
THOSE AREN'T WORDS, DRUNKATRON. FOR PRIME'S SAKE.
—URK!
WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO YOUR OWN PLANETS?! WHY DON'T YOU—
—GET SOME AIR? THAT'S A GREAT IDEA. WHY DON'T WE DO THAT TOGETHER, BUDDY.
HEY... KEEP UP. WE'VE GOT ROUNDS TO MAKE.
NO ONE'S TALKING TO YOU, AUTOBOT.
NO, BUT HE HIRED ME TO KEEP THE PEACE AND I'M GONNA DO IT.
NOW LET'S TALK ABOUT IMMIGRATION POLICY OUTSIDE.

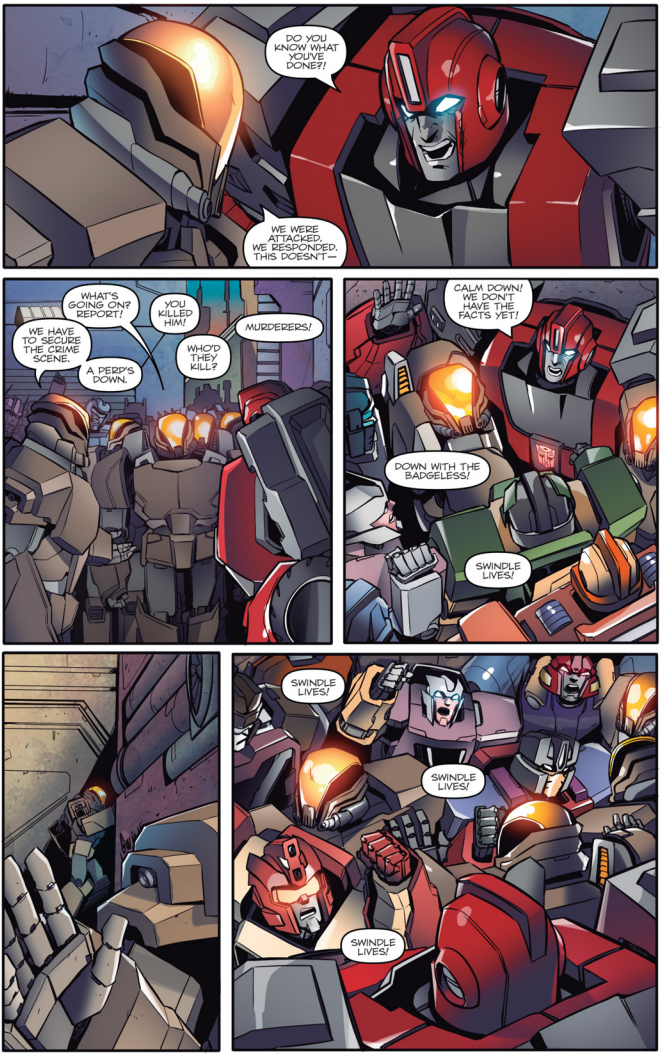
I WASN'T DONE WITH MY DRINK YET.
HEY!
TRUST ME, YOU REALLY WERE.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
NOTHING, SIR. MY FRIEND AND I WERE JUST HAVING A DIFFERENCE OF—
I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND, AUTOBOT!
AND I DON'T RECOGNIZE YOUR AUTHORITY, YOU STRUT-LICKING—
YOU BETTER SETTLE DOWN, 'CON.
PLEASE, OFFICERS. I'VE GOT THIS UNDER CONTROL.
WE'RE ONTO YOU! SWINDLE LIVES!
SWINDLE LIVES!!
CHNK

HRRGK
COMMAND, I NEED BACKUP AT MACCADAM'S OLD OIL HOUSE.
REPEAT! BACKUP TO MY LOCATION!
GET OFF ME!
YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT SWINDLE? WE'RE HAPPY TO DO IT DOWN AT THE STATION.
WHAT?
NO, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THAT!
PLEASE! YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME!
WHY DO WE NEED TO WHEN WE CAN CUT UP YOUR MEMORIES TO BE SURE?
I TOLD YOU, OFFICER. I HAVE THIS UNDER CONTROL.
YEAH, WELL NOW WE DO. SO BACK! UP!

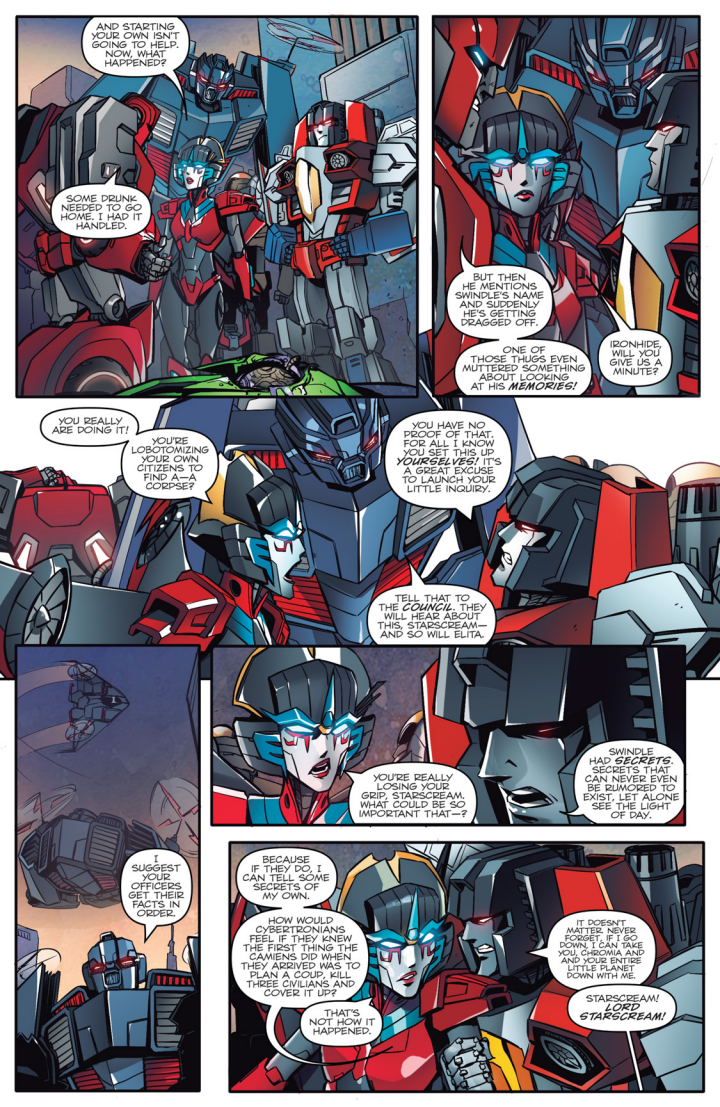
STAY OUTTA MY HEAD!
I'M ON HIM!
DON'T RUN, YOU IDIOT! DON'T—!
HALT! STAY BACK!
PFFT


GURH!
WHERE IS THAT BACKUP!?
PFFT
PFFT
WINDBLADE, THERE'S BEEN AN INCIDENT. YOU'VE GOTTA GET OBSIDIAN AND GET DOWN HERE, NOW!
IRONHIDE? WHAT HAPPENED?

OH, SCRAP.
IRONHIDE!
YOU HAVE TO STEP BACK! THIS IS A CRIME SCENE!

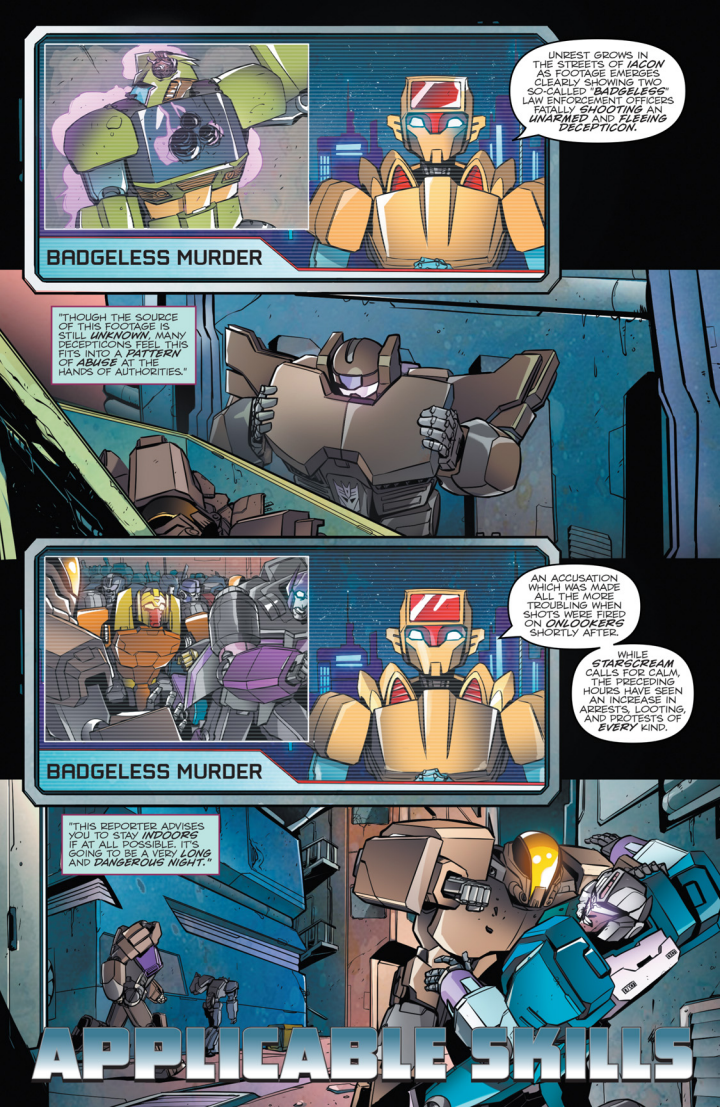

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE?!
WE WERE ATTACKED. WE RESPONDED. THIS DOESN'T—
WHAT'S GOING ON? REPORT!
WE HAVE TO SECURE THE CRIME SCENE.
A PERP'S DOWN.
YOU KILLED HIM!
WHO'D THEY KILL?
MURDERERS!
CALM DOWN! WE DON'T HAVE THE FACTS YET!
DOWN WITH THE BADGELESS!
SWINDLE LIVES!
SWINDLE LIVES!
SWINDLE LIVES!
SWINDLE LIVES!

GET OFF! GET—
PFFT
AH!HH!
THEY'RE KILLING US!
HELP! HELP!
YOU SCRAP-BRAINED IDIOT! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'VE DONE?!
IRONHIDE!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
TRYING TO STOP THESE LUG NUTS FROM STARTING A WAR.


AND STARTING YOUR OWN ISN'T GOING TO HELP. NOW, WHAT HAPPENED?
SOME DRUNK NEEDED TO GO HOME. I HAD IT HANDLED.
BUT THEN HE MENTIONS SWINDLE'S NAME AND SUDDENLY HE'S GETTING DRAGGED OFF.
ONE OF THOSE THUGS EVEN MUTTERED SOMETHING ABOUT LOOKING AT HIS MEMORIES!
IRONHIDE, WILL YOU GIVE US A MINUTE?
YOU REALLY ARE DOING IT!
YOU'RE LOBOTOMIZING YOUR OWN CITIZENS TO FIND A—A CORPSE?
YOU HAVE NO PROOF OF THAT. FOR ALL I KNOW YOU SET THIS UP YOURSELVES! IT'S A GREAT EXCUSE TO LAUNCH YOUR LITTLE INQUIRY.
TELL THAT TO THE COUNCIL. THEY WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS, STARSCREAM—AND SO WILL ELITA.
YOU'RE REALLY LOSING YOUR GRIP, STARSCREAM. WHAT COULD BE SO IMPORTANT THAT—?
SWINDLE HAD SECRETS. SECRETS THAT CAN NEVER EVEN BE RUMORED TO EXIST, LET ALONE SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY.
I SUGGEST YOUR OFFICERS GET THEIR FACTS IN ORDER.
BECAUSE IF THEY DO, I CAN TELL SOME SECRETS OF MY OWN.
HOW WOULD CYBERTRONIANS FEEL IF THEY KNEW THE FIRST THING THE CAMIENS DID WHEN THEY ARRIVED WAS TO PLAN A COUP, KILL THREE CIVILIANS AND COVER IT UP?
THAT'S NOT HOW IT HAPPENED.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. NEVER FORGET, IF I GO DOWN, I CAN TAKE YOU, CHROMIA AND ANY YOUR ENTIRE LITTLE PLANET DOWN WITH ME.
STARSCREAM! LORD STARSCREAM!

STARSCREAM, DO YOU HAVE A COMMENT ON THE MURDER?
ONLY THAT IT'S TOO SOON TO CALL THIS INCIDENT ANYTHING LIKE MURDER. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED HERE, AND UNTIL—
DOES THAT MEAN YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE FOOTAGE?
WHAT FOOTAGE?
THIS WAS JUST SENT TO OUR STATION.
HALT! STAY BACK!
WHERE DID YOU GET IT? YOU CAN'T AIR THIS! I'LL—
IT'S ALREADY LIVE.

Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher

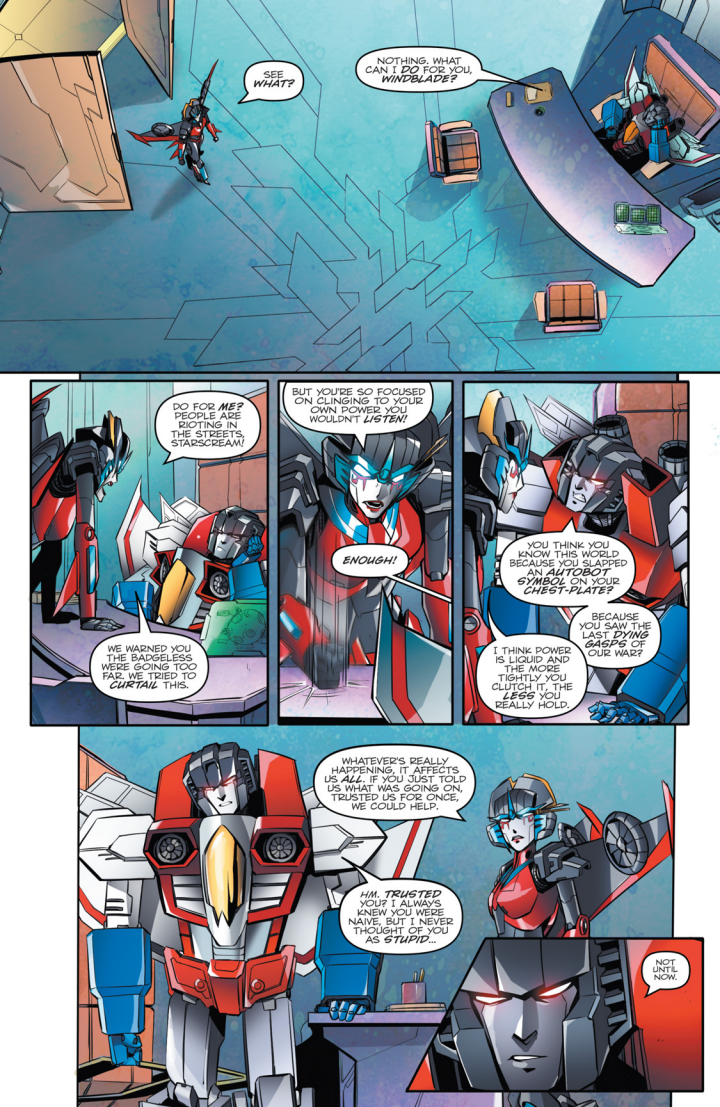

UNREST GROWS IN THE STREETS OF IACON AS FOOTAGE EMERGES CLEARLY SHOWING TWO SO-CALLED "BADGELESS" LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS FATALLY SHOOTING AN UNARMED AND FLEEING DECEPTICON.
BADGELESS MURDER
"THOUGH THE SOURCE OF THIS FOOTAGE IS STILL UNKNOWN, MANY DECEPTICONS FEEL THIS FITS INTO A PATTERN OF ABUSE AT THE HANDS OF AUTHORITIES."
AN ACCUSATION WHICH WAS MADE ALL THE MORE TROUBLING WHEN SHOTS WERE FIRED ON ONLOOKERS SHORTLY AFTER.
WHILE STARSCREAM CALLS FOR CALM, THE PRECEDING HOURS HAVE SEEN AN INCREASE IN ARRESTS, LOOTING, AND PROTESTS OF EVERY KIND.
BADGELESS MURDER
"THIS REPORTER ADVISES YOU TO STAY INDOORS IF AT ALL POSSIBLE. IT'S GOING TO BE A VERY LONG AND DANGEROUS NIGHT."
APPLICABLE SKILLS

IT HAD TO HAPPEN. IT HAD TO. IT HAD TO. IT HAD—
BLAST OFF! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? I WAS ABOUT TO GO OUT LOOKING FOR YOU.
JUST CAUGHT UP IN THE CROWDS. SORRY.
YAY!
YOU'RE NOT DEAD! BRAWL PAY UP!
AH, SCRAP. THAT WAS MY LAST BOTTLE OF ENGEX.
THANKS FOR YOUR CONCERN.
I SAW THE NEWS. THE PEOPLE ARE RIGHT ON THE TIPPING POINT.
WE JUST NEED TO PUSH THEM OVER THE EDGE AND THEY'LL TEAR THAT CROWN OFF STARSCREAM'S FLAT HEAD THEMSELVES.
IT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.
NO. IT'S NOT.
DON'T BE A SQUEAKY GEAR, BLAST OFF. BRAWL'S POORER, I'M RICHER, STARSCREAM'S LITTLE HENCHMEN MESSED UP BIG TIME AND THERE'S GONNA BE ENERGON IN THE STREETS TONIGHT.
WHAT'S NOT TO LOVE?
WHOOO! I'M GONNA GET ME A BADDELEGS FACE PLATE FOR THE WALL.

WHAT?! ONSLAUGHT, THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. WE CAN GET RID OF STARSCREAM TONIGHT!
OR WE CAN LOSE THE LAST CHANCE WE HAVE.
THE DECEPTICONS WILL RIOT. THESE TWO IDIOTS HAVE BEEN BEGGING ME TO ALL NIGHT. BUT THE COLONISTS...
...THEY'LL RESERVE JUDGMENT, SIT ON THE SIDELINES LIKE BLASTED NEUTRALS, AND WHEN TONIGHT'S OVER WE'LL LOOK LIKE ANIMALS WHO GOT WHAT WE DESERVED.
THERE ARE TOO MANY VARIABLES AND NONE OF THEM ADD UP TO FINDING SWINDLE. STARSCREAM PROBABLY ARRANGED THE WHOLE THING TO FLUSH US OUT—
IT WASN'T HIM.
HOW WOULD YOU KNOW?
I...
GET IN HERE. TELL ME EVERYTHING.
DOES THIS MEAN WE AREN'T GONNA GO OUT KILLIN'?
WE CAN GO WITHOUT YOU, YOU KNOW!
STAY HERE.
...FINE.

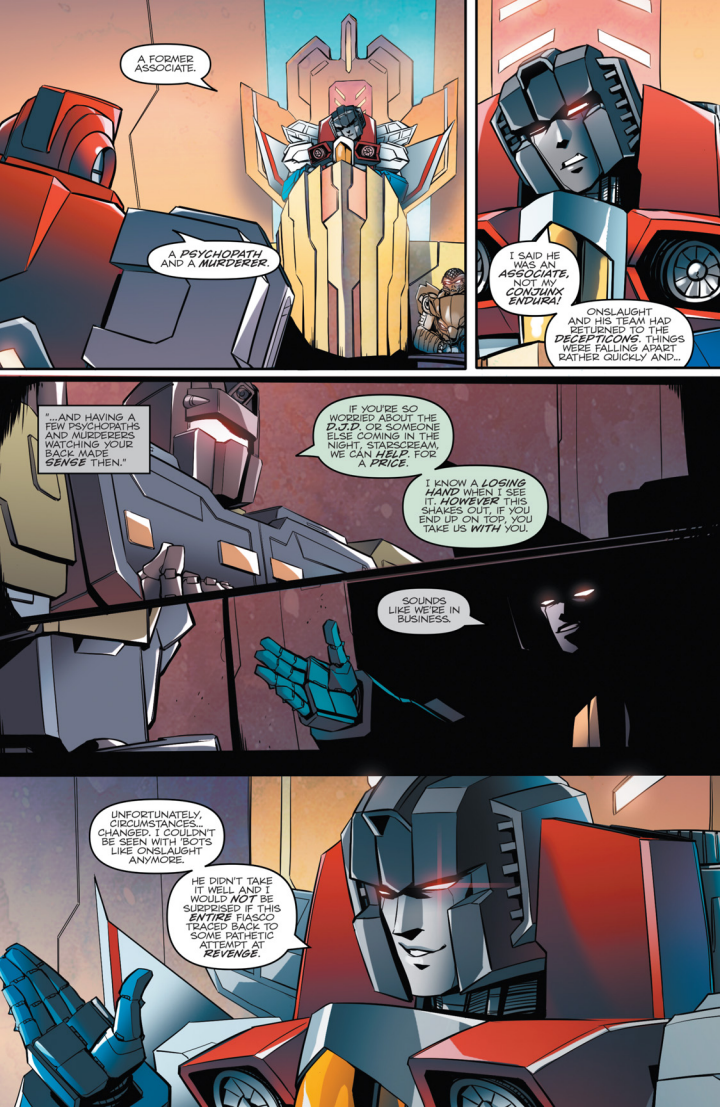
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, OBSIDIAN, BUT I DIDN'T EXPECT CYBERTRON TO BE EVEN MORE FRACTURED THAN EUKARIS WHEN I SIGNED ON FOR THIS.
AND THEIR POLITICS IS GETTING HARDER AND HARDER TO PROTECT OUR PEOPLE FROM.
YOUR PEOPLE, AIRAZOR. CYBERTRON'S CHAOTIC NATURE IS THE REASON THE FIRST CHOSE TO KEEP US ABOARD SHIP.
AND I SEE MORE WISDOM IN IT EVERY DAY.
FANGS AND FUR! LOOK AT THAT!
DOWN WITH STARSCREAM! DOWN WITH THE BADGELEGS!
JUSTICE!
GET 'EM!
WELL, IT'S TOO LATE TO GO BACK TO EUKARIS NOW.
AGREED. AND AS WE CANNOT EXTRACT OURSELVES FROM CYBERTRON'S PROBLEMS, THE ONLY OPTION IS TO SEE THEM SOLVED. HURRY!

HMM.
AN ANGRY MOB.
HOW CLICHÉ.
YOUR BIGGEST CONCERN IS THAT YOUR RIOTING CITIZENS DON'T HAVE ENOUGH *PANACHE*?
THE QUESTION YOU NEED TO BE ASKING IS WHY THEY'RE DOWN THERE AT ALL, STARSCREAM.
I DON'T HAVE TO ASK...
"...I *KNOW*."
WELL, LOOKS LIKE THE CURRENT'S COME BACK AROUND THE CIRCUIT.
YOU DON'T NEED TO RUB IT IN, ***BUMBLEBEE***. IT'S ***NOT*** LIKE I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING FOR THOSE ***UNGRATEFUL***—
LANGUAGE.
—AND THOSE IDIOT ***DELEGATES*** WILL BE HERE ANY MINUTE.
STARSCREAM!
SEE?

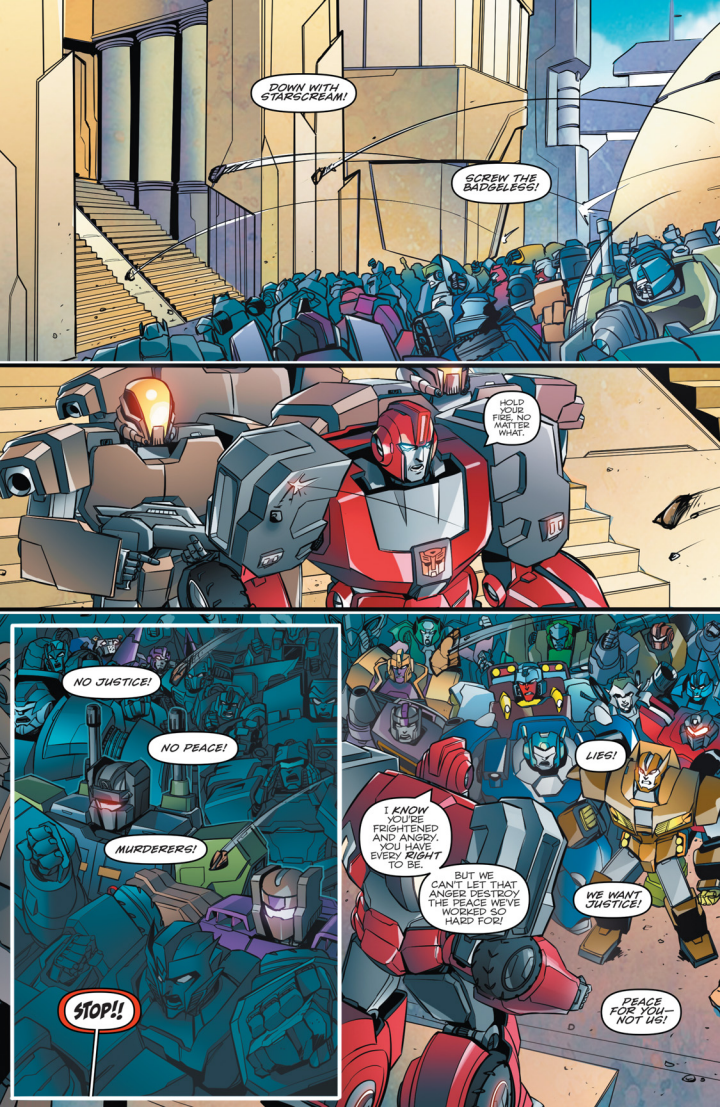

SEE WHAT?
NOTHING. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, WINDBLADE?
DO FOR ME? PEOPLE ARE RIOTING IN THE STREETS, STARSCREAM!
WE WARNED YOU THE BADGELESS WERE GOING TOO FAR. WE TRIED TO CURTAIL THIS.
BUT YOU'RE SO FOCUSED ON CLINGING TO YOUR OWN POWER YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!
ENOUGH!
YOU THINK YOU KNOW THIS WORLD BECAUSE YOU SLAPPED AN AUTOBOT SYMBOL ON YOUR CHEST-PLATE?
BECAUSE YOU SAW THE LAST DYING GASPS OF OUR WAR?
I THINK POWER IS LIQUID AND THE MORE TIGHTLY YOU CLUTCH IT, THE LESS YOU REALLY HOLD.
WHATEVER'S REALLY HAPPENING, IT AFFECTS US ALL. IF YOU JUST TOLD US WHAT WAS GOING ON, TRUSTED US FOR ONCE, WE COULD HELP.
HM. TRUSTED YOU? I ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE NAIVE, BUT I NEVER THOUGHT OF YOU AS STUPID...
NOT UNTIL NOW.

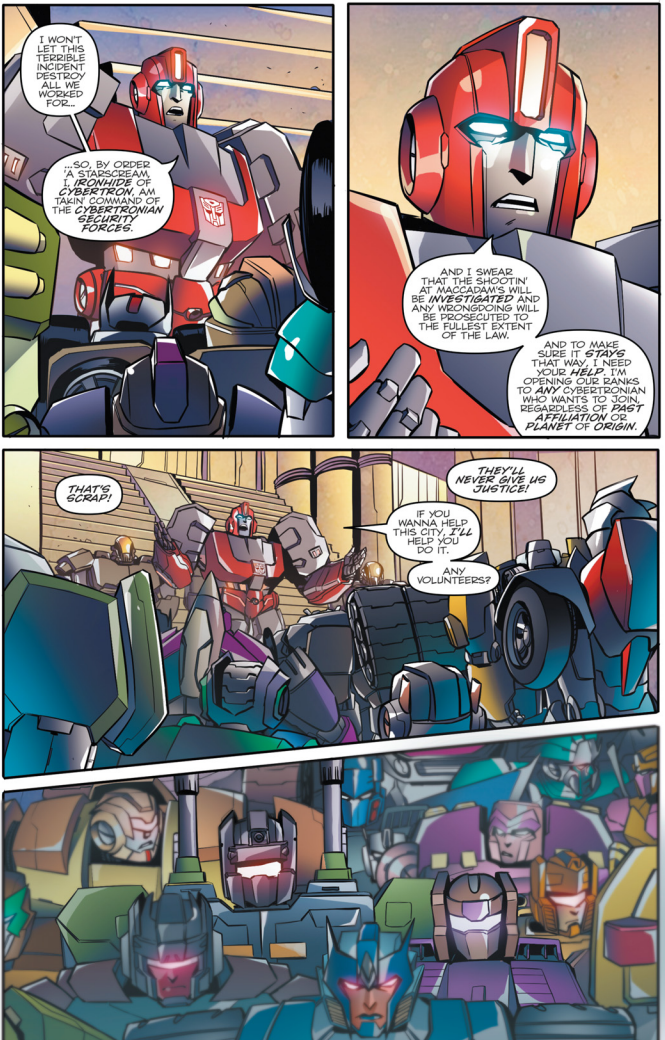
FINALLY. OUR FEARLESS LEADER GRACES US WITH HIS PRESENCE.
WATCH IT, RED.
MANNERS ASIDE, WE NEED TO MOVE QUICKLY. THIS SITUATION'S OFFICIALLY OUT OF HAND.
AGREED.
VIOLENT INCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS ARE SPIKING, ESPECIALLY NEAR DECEPTICON-DOMINATED AREAS.
IACON COULD BE TORN APART.
THEN WE'LL END THESE JUVENILE LITTLE OUTBURSTS ONCE AND FOR ALL.
I'M ORDERING THE GHETTO LOCKED DOWN AND ALL AVAILABLE OFFICERS SENT THERE.
EVERY BROKEN WINDOW, EVERY CRACK IN THE PAVEMENT GETS PROSECUTED AND PUNISHED.

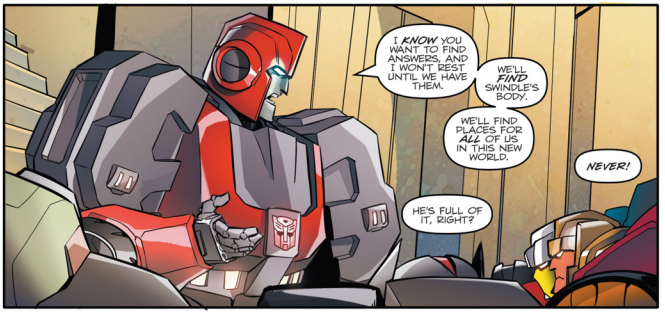
IF THEY WILL NOT GIVE UP THEIR PRECIOUS WAR, THEN IT'S WAR THEY'LL HAVE.
THAT'S THE DUMBEST IDEA THAT'S EVER COME OUTTA YOUR FACE, STARSCREAM— AND YOU'VE HAD POOBIES.
IS THAT REALLY NECESSARY?
I'M NOT GONNA FAULT HIM.
LISTEN, I WAS OUT THERE.
IF WE PUSH BACK AGAINST THOSE PEOPLE IT'LL BE ALL-OUT WAR.
AND THOSE AREN'T JUST RADICALS DOWN THERE.
I SAW 'BOTS FROM EVERY PLANET, EVERY STRIPE, IN THAT CROWD.
WHAT IF WE CALLED EARTH, GOT OPTIMUS TO SEND HIS COMBINER?
NO ONE'S GOT A PROBLEM WITH HER, OR...
...WELL, NO MORE THAN ANY OTHER 'BOT, NOWADAYS.
THAT COULD—
—WORK!
NO! I WON'T RISK OPENING THE SPACEBRIDGE WITH ONSLAUGHT RUNNING AROUND UNCHECKED.
WHO IS ONSLAUGHT?


A FORMER ASSOCIATE.
A PSYCHOPATH AND A MURDERER.
I SAID HE WAS AN ASSOCIATE, NOT MY COMCHUNK ENDURA!
ONSLAUGHT AND HIS TEAM HAD RETURNED TO THE DECEPTICONS. THINGS WERE FALLING APART RATHER QUICKLY AND...
"...AND HAVING A FEW PSYCHOPATHS AND MURDERERS WATCHING YOUR BACK MADE SENSE THEN."
IF YOU'RE SO WORRIED ABOUT THE D.J.D. OR SOMEONE ELSE COMING IN THE NIGHT, STARSCREAM, WE CAN HELP. FOR A PRICE.
I KNOW A LOSING HAND WHEN I SEE IT. HOWEVER THIS SHAKES OUT, IF YOU END UP ON TOP, YOU TAKE US WITH YOU.
SOUNDS LIKE WE'RE IN BUSINESS.
UNFORTUNATELY, CIRCUMSTANCES... CHANGED. I COULDN'T BE SEEN WITH 'BOTS LIKE ONSLAUGHT ANYMORE.
HE DIDN'T TAKE IT WELL AND I WOULD NOT BE SURPRISED IF THIS ENTIRE FIASCO TRACED BACK TO SOME PATHETIC ATTEMPT AT REVENGE.

IT'S HOW *WE* KIND ALWAYS THINKS.
DECEPTICONS?
LITTLE PEOPLE.
WELL, SPEAKING AS A LITTLE PERSON MYSELF, I CAN TELL YOU THERE'S ONLY *ONE* WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS WITHOUT BLOODSHED.
REFORM.
WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS BEFORE.
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD *THIS* YET.
AND YOU'RE GONNA HATE IT JUST AS MUCH AS YOU *THINK* YOU ARE.

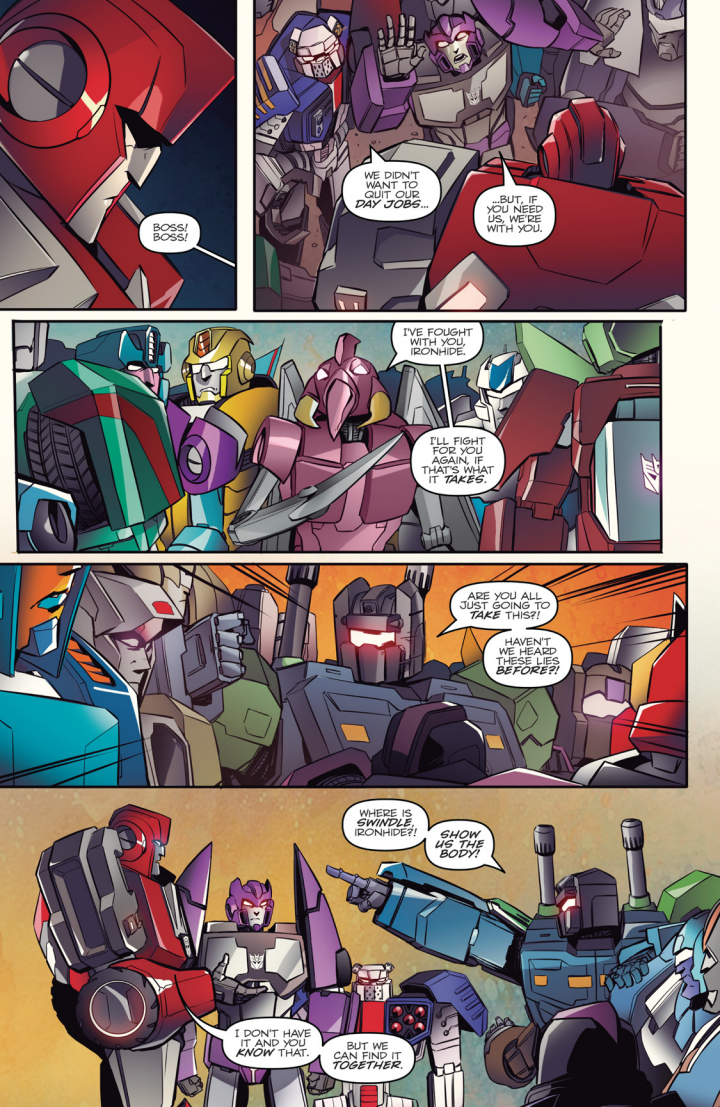

DOWN WITH STARSCREAM!
SCREW THE BADGELESS!
HOLD YOUR FIRE. NO MATTER WHAT.
NO JUSTICE!
NO PEACE!
MURDERERS!
STOP!!
LIES!
I KNOW YOU'RE FRIGHTENED AND ANGRY. YOU HAVE EVERY RIGHT TO BE.
BUT WE CAN'T LET THAT ANGER DESTROY THE PEACE WE'VE WORKED SO HARD FOR!
WE WANT JUSTICE!
PEACE FOR YOU— NOT US!


I WON'T LET THIS TERRIBLE INCIDENT DESTROY ALL WE WORKED FOR...
...SO, BY ORDER A STARSCREAM, I, IRONHIDE OF CYBERTRON, AM TAKIN COMMAND OF THE CYBERTRONIAN SECURITY FORCES.
AND I SWEAR THAT THE SHOOTIN' AT MACCADAM'S WILL BE INVESTIGATED AND ANY WRONGDOING WILL BE PROSECUTED TO THE FULLEST EXTENT OF THE LAW.
AND TO MAKE SURE IT STAYS THAT WAY, I NEED YOUR HELP. I'M OPENING OUR RANKS TO ANY CYBERTRONIAN WHO WANTS TO JOIN, REGARDLESS OF PAST AFFILIATION OR PLANET OF ORIGIN.
THAT'S SCRAP!
THEY'LL NEVER GIVE US JUSTICE!
IF YOU WANNA HELP THIS CITY, I'LL HELP YOU DO IT.
ANY VOLUNTEERS?


I KNOW YOU WANT TO FIND ANSWERS, AND I WON'T REST UNTIL WE HAVE THEM.
WE'LL FIND SWINDLE'S BODY.
WE'LL FIND PLACES FOR ALL OF US IN THIS NEW WORLD.
NEVER!
HE'S FULL OF IT, RIGHT?

PLEASE.
HELP ME.

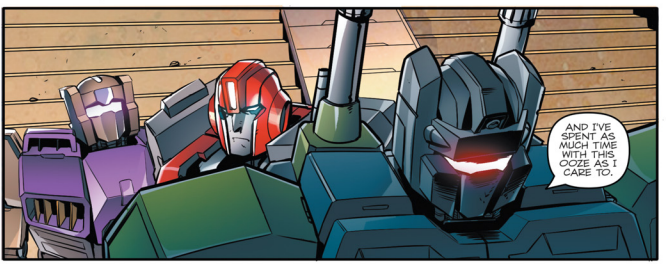
SCREW YOU, AUTOBOT!


BOSS! BOSS!
WE DIDN'T WANT TO QUIT OUR DAY JOBS...
...BUT, IF YOU NEED US, WE'RE WITH YOU.
I'VE FOUGHT WITH YOU, IRONHIDE.
I'LL FIGHT FOR YOU AGAIN, IF THAT'S WHAT IT TAKES.
ARE YOU ALL JUST GOING TO TAKE THIS?
HAVEN'T WE HEARD THESE LIES BEFORE?!
WHERE IS SWINDLE, IRONHIDE?!
SHOW US THE BODY!
I DON'T HAVE IT AND YOU KNOW THAT.
BUT WE CAN FIND IT TOGETHER.

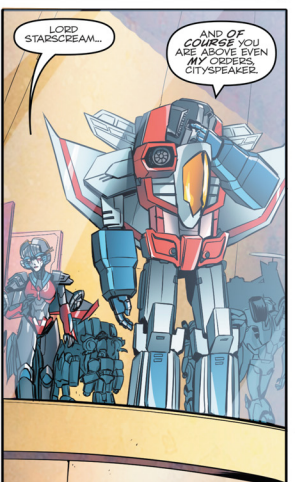
THERE IS NO "TOGETHER" WITH YOU, AUTOBOT!
NO!
ENOUGH, ONSLAUGHT!
GAH!
BLAST OFF! YOU CAN'T— OUF!
I'M TIRED OF LOSING AND I'M TIRED OF YOU MAKING US LOSE EVEN MORE.
IS THERE A SPOT ON YOUR TEAM FOR ME?
WELCOME TO THE BADGELESS. I'M GLAD TO HAVE YOUR SUPPORT.

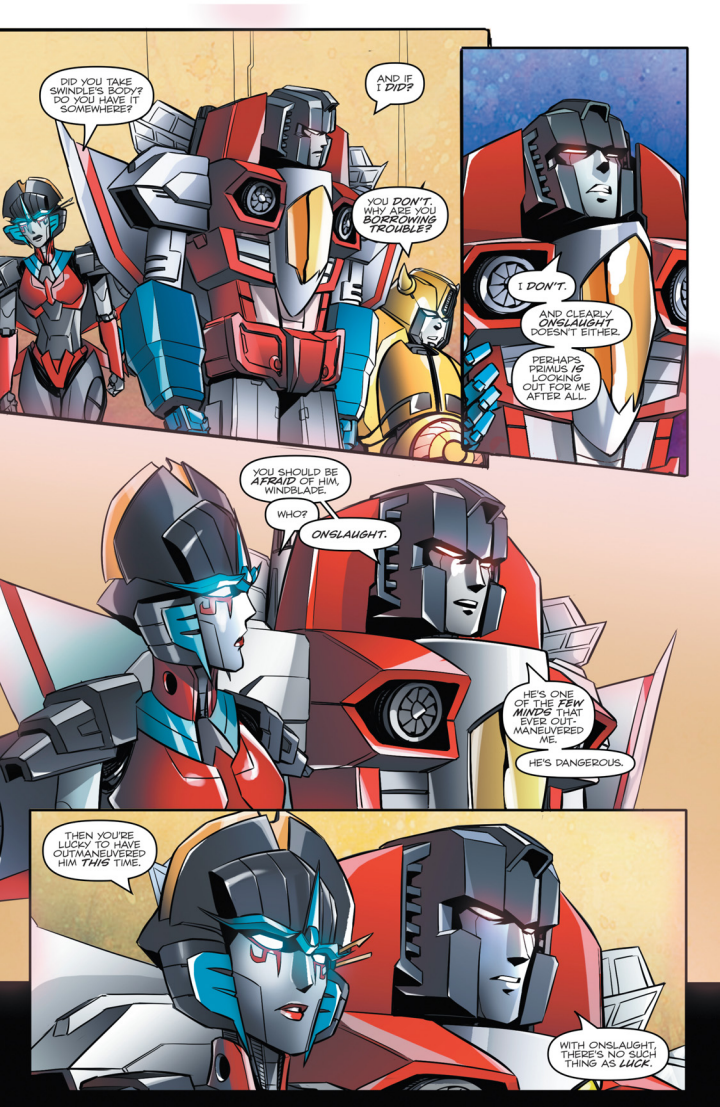
WHAT?
FIGHT, COWARDS!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!
FIGHT!
IT'S OVER, ONSLAUGHT. YOU JUST DON'T KNOW IT YET.
TRAITOR. YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, BLAST OFF.
THE 'BOTS UNDER YOUR HEEL TODAY MIGHT BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU TOMORROW.
WATCH YOURSELF, ONSLAUGHT.
NO... IT'S OKAY.
I TRIED TO HELP YOU, ONSLAUGHT.
I DID EVERYTHING I COULD, EVEN MORE THAN I SHOULD HAVE.
BUT I CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM YOURSELF.

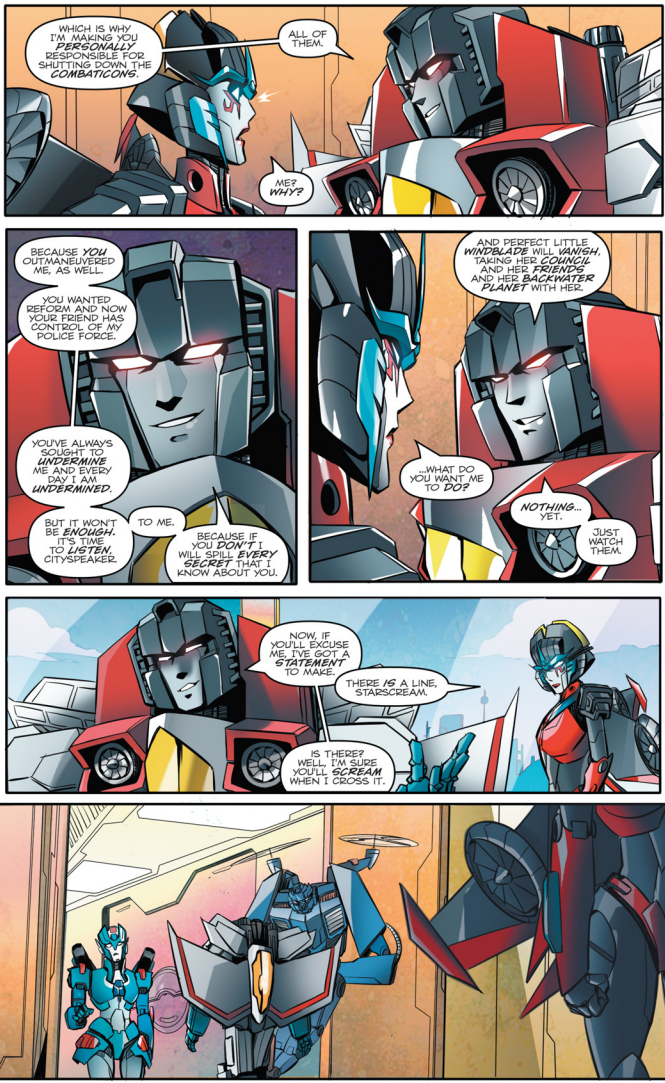
I'M GONNA CONSIDER THIS INCIDENT *OVER*, ONSLAUGHT.
IF YOU WANT TO BE PART OF THE SOLUTION, YOU CAN STILL JOIN US.
I DON'T NEED YOUR *SOLUTIONS*, IRONHIDE.


AND I'VE SPENT AS MUCH TIME WITH THIS OOZE AS I CARE TO.

SIR, WE'D BETTER GO DOWN WITH SOME KINDA *RESPONSE*. RIGHT?
OF COURSE. JUST GIVE ME A MOMENT ALONE. I NEED...
...I NEED TO GATHER MY THOUGHTS.


LORD STARSCREAM...
AND *OF COURSE* YOU ARE ABOVE EVEN *MY* ORDERS, CITYSPEAKER.

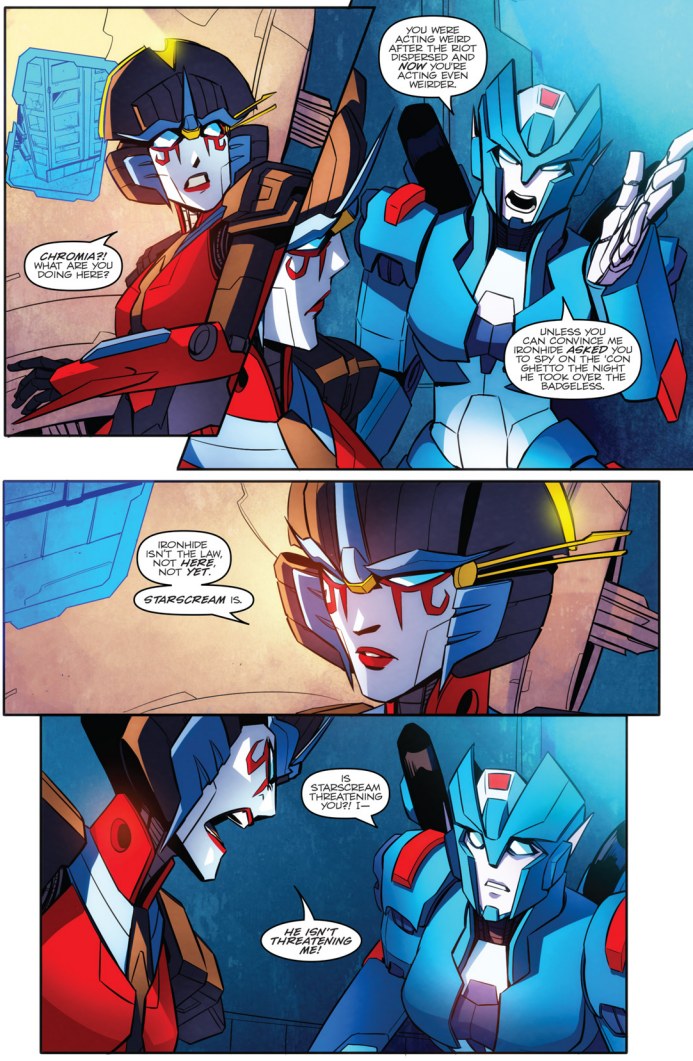

DID YOU TAKE SWINDLE'S BODY? DO YOU HAVE IT SOMEWHERE?
AND IF I DID?
YOU DON'T. WHY ARE YOU BORROWING TROUBLE?
I DON'T.
AND CLEARLY ONSLAUGHT DOESN'T EITHER.
PERHAPS PRIMUS IS LOOKING OUT FOR ME AFTER ALL.
YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF HIM, WINDBLADE.
WHO?
ONSLAUGHT.
HE'S ONE OF THE FEW MINDS THAT EVER OUT-MANEUVERED ME.
HE'S DANGEROUS.
THEN YOU'RE LUCKY TO HAVE OUTMANEUVERED HIM THIS TIME.
WITH ONSLAUGHT, THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS LUCK.


WHICH IS WHY I'M MAKING YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR SHUTTING DOWN THE COMBATICONS.
ALL OF THEM.
ME? WHY?
BECAUSE YOU OUTMANEUVERED ME, AS WELL.
YOU WANTED REFORM AND NOW YOUR FRIEND HAS CONTROL OF MY POLICE FORCE.
YOU'VE ALWAYS SOUGHT TO UNDERMINE ME AND EVERY DAY I AM UNDERMINED.
BUT IT WON'T BE ENOUGH. IT'S TIME TO LISTEN, CITYSPEAKER.
TO ME.
BECAUSE IF YOU DON'T I WILL SPILL EVERY SECRET THAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU.
AND PERFECT LITTLE WINDBLADE WILL VANISH, TAKING HER COUNCIL AND HER FRIENDS AND HER BACKWATER PLANET WITH HER.
...WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?
NOTHING... YET.
JUST WATCH THEM.
NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT A STATEMENT TO MAKE.
THERE IS A LINE, STARSCREAM.
IS THERE? WELL, I'M SURE YOU'LL SCREAM WHEN I CROSS IT.

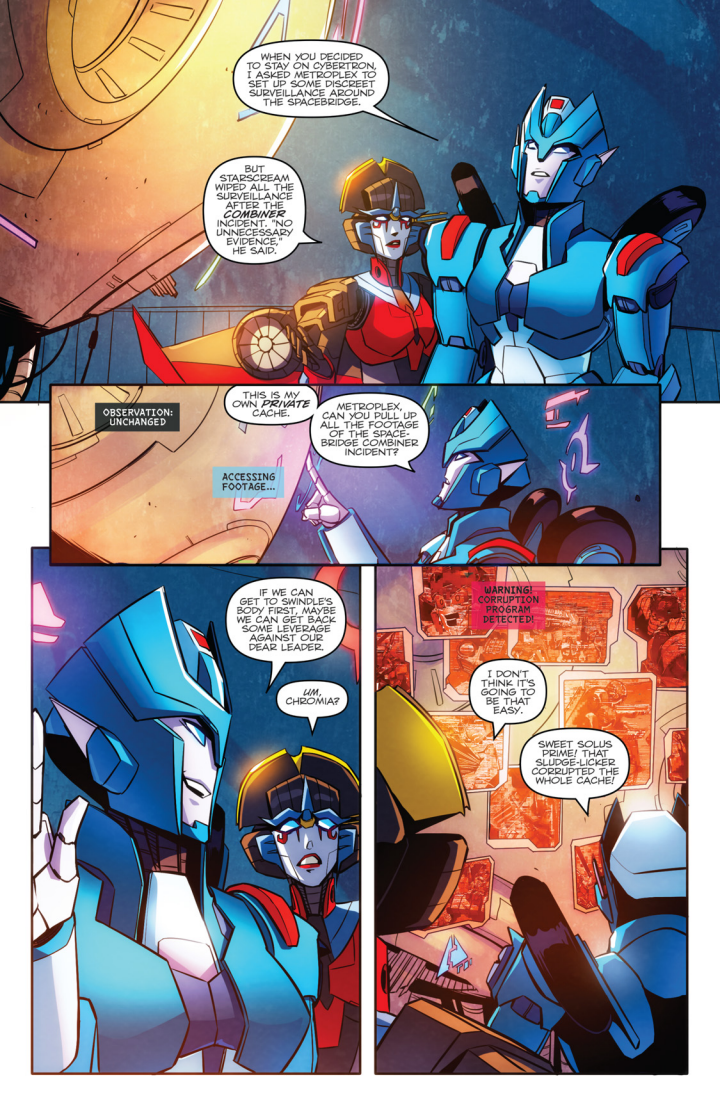
BLAST OFF!
HUH?
LISTEN, I DON'T WANT TO PRESUME, BUT... WELL, TALL TANKOR AND I WERE TALKING AND IF YOU NEED A PLACE TO STAY YOU'RE WELCOME TO BUNK WITH US.
THANKS. I THINK I WILL, BUT CAN I CATCH UP TO YOU LATER?
I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD A LITTLE.
SIR? ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
ALRIGHT?
YOU NOT ONLY BROKE YOURSELF AWAY FROM ME, SHAMED ME IN FRONT OF HALF THE CITY, YOU'RE PRACTICALLY IRONHIDE'S SECOND-IN-COMMAND ALREADY.
I COULDN'T BE MORE PROUD.

Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher

METROPLEX'S BRAIN, IACON. LATER.
REGULATOR 4728, STATUS = NOMINAL
OBSERVATION: UNCHANGED
WIND-VOICE! WELCOME!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU, METROPLEX.
HOW CAN I (METROPLEX) BE OF AID?
I NEED YOUR EYES. PULL UP ALL VIEWS OF THE RUST CORRIDOR, SECOND BLOCK. THERE'S AN APARTMENT I'M LOOKING FOR.
OBSERVATION: UNCHANGED
WHY?
WHY?
WHY?
WHY?
WHY?
JUNCTION F27– MAINTENANCE REQUEST
I JUST NEED YOU TO TRUST ME. IT'S IMPORTANT.
AND WHY THE SCRAP IS THAT SLUDGE PIT IMPORTANT?
THINGS WE SAID WE'D NEVER DO

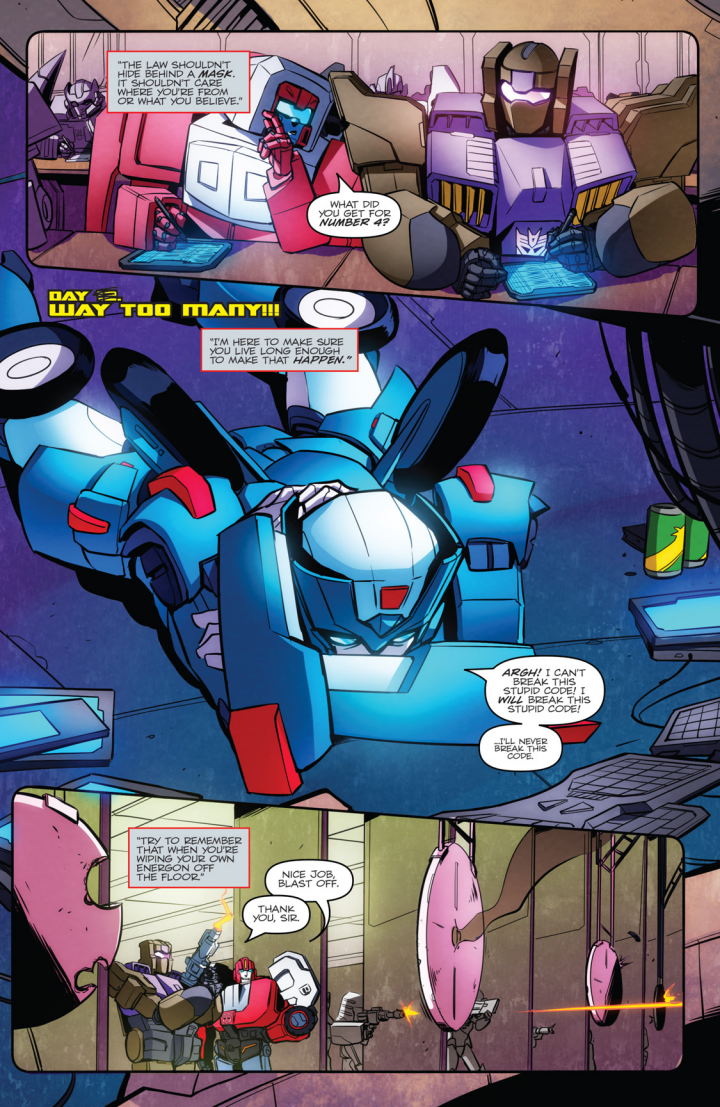

YOU WERE ACTING WEIRD AFTER THE RIOT DISPERSED AND NOW YOU'RE ACTING EVEN WEIRDER.
CHROMIA?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
UNLESS YOU CAN CONVINCE ME IRONHIDE ASKED YOU TO SPY ON THE 'CON GHETTO THE NIGHT HE TOOK OVER THE BADGELESS.
IRONHIDE ISN'T THE LAW, NOT HERE, NOT YET.
STARSCREAM IS.
IS STARSCREAM THREATENING YOU?! I—
HE ISN'T THREATENING ME!

HE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING ON *ME*.
...THE EARTHQUAKE... ACROLIGHT.*
*FOR MORE ON WHAT HAPPENED THERE, SEE TRANSFORMERS: WINDBLADE #1-4.
YOU CAN'T SELL YOURSELF OUT FOR MY ACTIONS, WINDBLADE.
I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE PEOPLE'S DEATHS, NOT YOU.
BUT I HELPED COVER IT UP, CHROMIA, AND THE REASONS HAVEN'T CHANGED.
I WON'T GIVE UP THIS PEACE FOR MY OWN MORAL COMFORT.
WHY DOES HE WANT YOU SPYING ON THE SLUMS? WHAT IS HE AFRAID OF? IF WE FIGURE *THAT* OUT, WE CAN FIND ANOTHER WAY OUTTA THIS.
I CAN'T RISK—
THEN LET *ME* RISK IT. TRUST ME!
...HE'S AFRAID OF *ONSLAUGHT*. IT'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH *SWINDLE*. HIS BODY.
THEN WE FIND IT BEFORE THEY DO.
HOW?

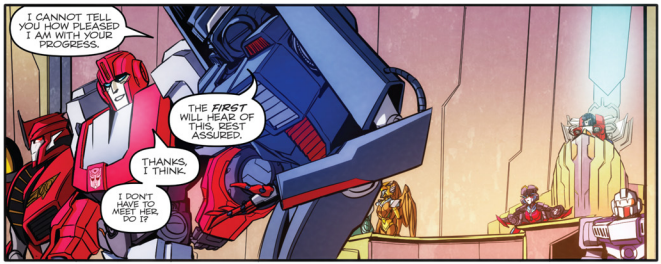

WHEN YOU DECIDED TO STAY ON CYBERTRON, I ASKED METROPLEX TO SET UP SOME DISCREET SURVEILLANCE AROUND THE SPACEBRIDGE.
BUT STARSCREAM WIPED ALL THE SURVEILLANCE AFTER THE COMBINER INCIDENT. "NO UNNECESSARY EVIDENCE," HE SAID.
OBSERVATION: UNCHANGED
THIS IS MY OWN PRIVATE CACHE.
METROPLEX, CAN YOU PULL UP ALL THE FOOTAGE OF THE SPACE-BRIDGE COMBINER INCIDENT?
ACCESSING FOOTAGE...
IF WE CAN GET TO SWINDLE'S BODY FIRST, MAYBE WE CAN GET BACK SOME LEVERAGE AGAINST OUR DEAR LEADER.
UM, CHROMIA?
WARNING! CORRUPTION PROGRAM DETECTED!
I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO BE THAT EASY.
SWEET SOLUS PRIME! THAT SLUDGE-LICKER CORRUPTED THE WHOLE CACHE!

NO. STARSCREAM WOULDVE TOLD US IF HE DID THIS—GLOATED SOMEHOW.
THIS IS SOMEONE ELSE.
SOMEONE WHO JUST SUPREMELY TICKED ME OFF.
HOW CAN I HELP?
GET SOME REST. I GOT US INTO THIS AND I SWEAR BY THE PRIMES, I'M GONNA GET US OUT OF THIS MESS.
STATION 37. WAAAAAY TOO EARLY.
MORNIN' RECRUITS.
WELCOME TO THE FIRST DAY OF YOUR NEW LIVES. IT'S GONNA SUCK.

DAY 1.
"I'M GONNA DRILL YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR TOLERANCE LEVELS.
"I NEED TO KNOW WHAT YOU CAN HANDLE IN COMBAT, SURVEILLANCE, ENDURANCE, ALL OF IT."
COME ON, BLAST OFF! HANG IN THERE!
GO FOR IT!
DAY 6.
"IF YOU LIKE ME NOW, YOU'RE NOT GONNA BY THE END OF THIS. BUT I AM DOIN' IT FOR THE SAME REASON YOU ARE."
OBSERVATION: UNCHANGED
COME ON, BIG GUY. WORK WITH ME ON THIS. SHOW ME WHERE IT HURTS.


"THE LAW SHOULDN'T HIDE BEHIND A MASK. IT SHOULDN'T CARE WHERE YOU'RE FROM OR WHAT YOU BELIEVE."
WHAT DID YOU GET FOR NUMBER 4?
DAY 32.
WAY TOO MANY!!
"I'M HERE TO MAKE SURE YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE THAT HAPPEN."
ARGH! I CAN'T BREAK THIS STUPID CODE! I WILL BREAK THIS STUPID CODE!
...I'LL NEVER BREAK THIS CODE.
"TRY TO REMEMBER THAT WHEN YOU'RE WIPING YOUR OWN ENERGON OFF THE FLOOR."
NICE JOB, BLAST OFF.
THANK YOU, SIR.

...GOING SURPRISINGLY WELL. I THINK THE NEW RECRUITS WILL BE ABLE TO START PATROLLING IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.
EXCELLENT WORK, IRONHIDE.
DON'T GIVE US TOO MUCH GOOD NEWS, IRONHIDE. WE'LL START TO GET USED TO IT.
BLAST OFF! YOU COMING WITH US TO MACCADAM'S?
NO WAY. I'M GONNA FIGURE OUT THE BOOKING SYSTEM IF IT KILLS ME.
SUIT YOURSELF. BUT IT PROBABLY WILL!
YOU GUYS GET TOO DRUNK, I'LL ARREST YOU MYSELF!
JUST TRY IT!
...I JUST GOTTA DO THIS ONE LAST THING.
FILE ACTIVE
DATA IN USE
UNLESS SOMEONE ELSE ALREADY HAS.


I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW PLEASED I AM WITH YOUR PROGRESS.
THE *FIRST* WILL HEAR OF THIS, REST ASSURED.
THANKS, I THINK.
I DON'T HAVE TO MEET HER, DO I?

GOING SOMEWHERE, *DELEGATE?*
I ASSUME NOT, *CHOSEN ONE.*

YOU OWE ME A REPORT. I DON'T EXPECT ONSLAUGHT TO STAY KNOCKED DOWN FOR LONG, AND THIS *BLAST OFF* CONVERSION—
IT'S FINE, STARSCREAM. THEY'RE FINE.

FINE? I'M NOT ASKING ABOUT THEIR MENTAL WELLBEING!
I'M TRYING TO STOP A POTENTIAL *COUP.*

BLAST OFF IS AN EXEMPLARY OFFICER AND THE COMBATICONS ARE HOLED UP IN THEIR APARTMENT WHEN THEY AREN'T SCRAPING BY.
IF ONSLAUGHT HAS A MASTER PLAN BEYOND SHORTING HIMSELF OUT ON *ENGEX*, I HAVEN'T SEEN IT.

BUT YOU *WOULD* HAVE? YOU'VE BEEN THOROUGH?
I'VE BEEN *BUSY.*
IF YOU WANTED A BETTER SPY, YOU SHOULD HAVE PICKED SOMEONE WHO ACTUALLY *WANTED* THE JOB.

WELL...
OF SCRAPPIN' COURSE.

HI, YOU'VE REACHED THE PERSONAL LINE OF WINDBLADE OF CAMINUS. PLEASE LEAVE A MESSAGE AFTER THE TONE.
BEEP
WINDBLADE! IT'S RATTRAP AND WHEELJACK! THEY'RE BEHIND THIS.
LISTEN, I'M HEADING TO JACKIE RIGHT NOW, BUT I COULD USE SOME BACKUP. CALL ME BACK!
SOMEONE'S CALLING MY PERSONAL LINE. I NEED TO—
YOU'RE NOT LEAVING UNTIL I'M SURE YOU'RE HOLDING UP YOUR END OF THE DEAL, WINDBLADE. DON'T FORGET WHAT I HAVE ON YOU.
CHROMIA? DON'T CAMIENS EVER SLEEP?
BE GLAD I DON'T. WE NEED TO GET YOU INSIDE, NOW.

I WAS INSIDE. I ONLY CAME OUT TO MEET—
GET DOWN!
AHH!
CHOOM
KRRCH
FINALLY! VIOLENCE!

ERGH!
PLEASE FIGHT BACK.
WELL, SINCE YOU ASKED NICELY.
RAH! WHERE ARE THE REST OF YOU?
BUSY! ARGH!
GAH!

SO I'M GUESSING YOU'RE THE OTHER BOT RUMMAGING THROUGH THOSE FILES.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. ONSLAUGHT AND BRAWL WILL HAVE RATTRAP BY NOW. WE KNOW WHAT THESE TWO DID TO SWINDLE.
THERE'S NO WAY STARSCREAM CAN HIDE IT, NO MATTER HOW MANY CAMIEN DUPES HE THROWS AT US.
I DON'T WORK FOR STARSCREAM. I WORK FOR WINDBLADE.
LIKE SHE'S NOT UNDER STARSCREAM'S THUMB.
SHE DOESN'T WANT TO BE. SHE WANTS TO HELP 'BOTS LIKE YOU. WE WANT TO HELP.
JUST KILL HER.
WE'VE GOT WHEELJACK. WE DON'T NEED HER.
WHAT DO YOU THINK, WHEELJACK? SHOULD I BLAST HER, OR ARE YOU GONNA TELL US WHERE SWINDLE IS?
DON'T TELL THEM ANYTHING, WHEELJACK. NOT LIKE THIS.
FINE. THEN...
NO! I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM! I'LL TAKE YOU TO SWINDLE! IT'S JUST...
...YOU'RE ALREADY TOO LATE.

SEE? AND YOU WANTED ME TO SHOOT HER.
NOW, WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY "TOO LATE"?
SWINDLE, WE DIDN'T STEAL HIM. WE TRIED TO SAVE HIM, BUT HE WAS ALREADY BRAIN-DEAD.
I'M NOT A DOCTOR. I COULD ONLY DO SO MUCH.
WELL, I'M SURE YOU CAN TELL ONSLAUGHT ALL ABOUT IT.
RATTRAP'S APARTMENT. LATER.
WE KNOW YOU TOOK SWINDLE'S BODY AFTER THE FIGHT. WHY? WHERE DID YOU PUT HIM?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKIN' ABOUT.
REALLY?

THEY KNOW, RATTRAP.
BUT HE'S BRAIN-DEAD, ONSLAUGHT. AT LEAST ACCORDING TO THESE GENIUSES.

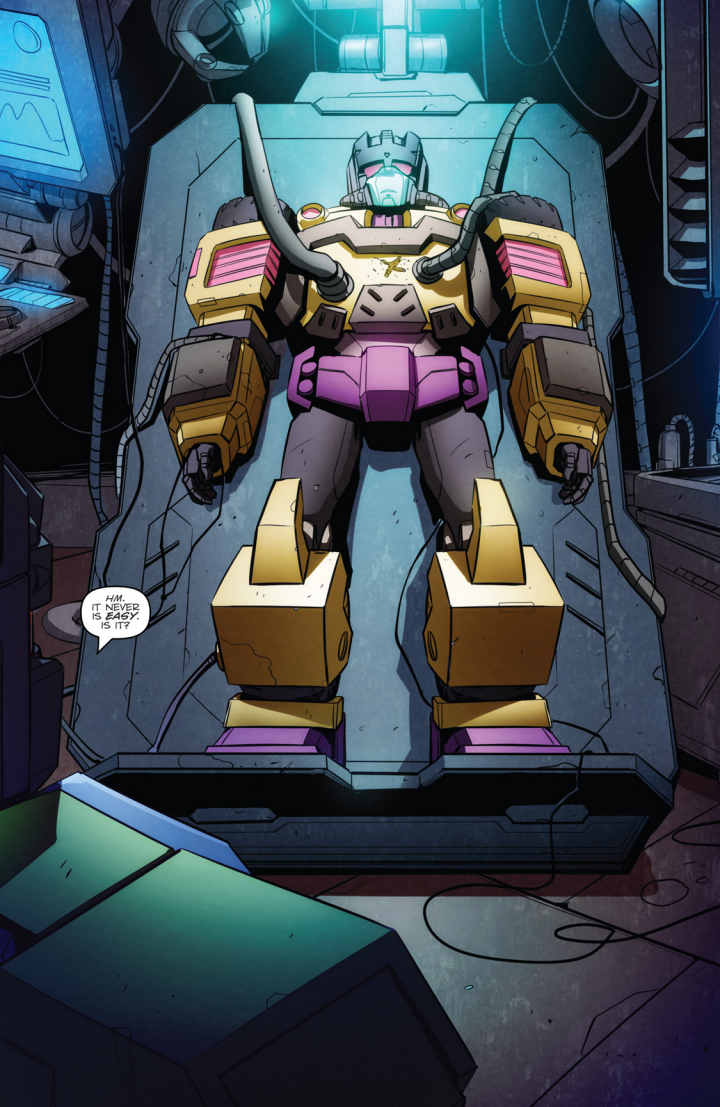
MAYBE WE CAN FIND A SURGEON.
NO! NO ONE ELSE CAN BE INVOLVED. I DON'T TRUST ANYONE BUT YOU.
WHAT ABOUT ME?
I DON'T TRUST YOU TO FEED YOURSELF IN THE MORNING, BRAWL.
...

BUT JUST BECAUSE SWINDLE CAN'T TELL US ANYTHING, DOESN'T MEAN HIS MEMORIES AREN'T STILL THERE.

AND I THINK RATTRAP HERE MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP US GET THEM.
YEAH, I'M GONNA HAVE TO DISAGREE WITH YOU ON THAT.

ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT!

LEAD THE WAY, JACK. RATTRAP'S GONNA BE RIGHT BEHIND US.
I'M SORRY YOU GOT DRAGGED IN THIS, CHROMIA.
WE WERE JUST TRYING TO DO THE RIGHT THING.
THEN DON'T APOLOGIZE FOR IT, WHEELJACK.
I SHOULD BE IN DANGER FROM THAT MORE OFTEN. BUT WHY WASTE THE EFFORT ON A GUY LIKE SWINDLE?
APPARENTLY, THE SAME REASON AS ONSLAUGHT.
RATTRAP THOUGHT HE HAD DAMAGING INFO ON STARSCREAM AND IF HE DID... WE BOTH FELT WE HAD TO KNOW.
WELL, LOOKS LIKE EVERYONE WILL KNOW SOON ENOUGH.


HM. IT NEVER IS EASY, IS IT?

BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER. WE'RE SO CLOSE.
HOW?
ONSLAUGHT, SWINDLE'S MIND IS DEAD AND WHATEVER HOPE WE HAD OF FINDING THAT INTEL IS PROBABLY GONE WITH IT.
UNLESS RATTRAP BRINGS BACK A DEGREE IN MNEMOSURGERY, SWINDLE'S NEVER GOING TO THINK AGAIN, LET ALONE HELP US.
MAYBE WE DIDN'T NEED TO KIDNAP THESE PEOPLE. MAYBE WE'RE MAKING ENEMIES WHERE THERE ARE NONE.
BUT STARSCREAM—
EVERYONE HATES STARSCREAM! YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE HE HURT. YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE THE WAR HURT.
DON'T... DON'T YOU SEE THAT? MAYBE WE DON'T EVER GET JUSTICE. MAYBE THAT'S NOT WHAT WE SHOULD FIGHT FOR ANYMORE.
I CAN'T STOP. BLAST OFF. I WON'T. NOT UNTIL THIS CHANCE... OUR LAST CHANCE, IS OVER. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?
...I'M WITH YOU, THEN. THIS LAST TIME.

UMM. IS THIS A BAD TIME?
DID YOU GET IT?
YEAH, BUT I GOTTA SAY, I DON'T THINK THIS IS REALLY THE WAY YOU WANNA GO.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT I HAVE PLANNED, VERMIN. AND NO RIGHT TO QUESTION IT.
WHAT IS IT?
OUR LAST SHOT, BLAST OFF. WE CAN DO THIS, JUST US.
WE WON'T NEED ANYONE ELSE, EVER AGAIN.

Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher

DEEP WITHIN METROPLEX.
HE DID IT! THAT IDIOT'S COMBINING WITH A BRAIN-DEAD 'BOT.
UMM, I DON'T THINK WE SHOULD STICK AROUND.
AGREED... RUN!
RAAAAH!
THE LINE BETWEEN US

KEEP IT TOGETHER! WE HAVE TO WORK—URGH—TOGETHER!
HAHA! DO YOU FEEL IT? SO POWERFUL! WE'RE BRUTICUS!
ONSLAUGHT! HELP!
THERE.
HIYA, SWINDLE.
WANNA GET RICH?

NO... WE'RE DEAD! HE SHOT US--WE'REDEAD WE'REDEAD WE'REDEAD
WHERE IS IT?
RRRRRRUUUNNN!
ONSLAUGHT! WE'RE LOSING CONTROL!
THIS IS VERY... GENEROUS OF YOU, STARSCREAM. SO WHAT'S THE CATCH?

I NEED YOU TO STIR UP A LITTLE TROUBLE ON CAMINUS. IT CAN'T POINT BACK TO ME.
YOU CAN MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE IF YOU'RE CLEVER. AND YOU ARE CLEVER, AREN'T YOU?
HE HAD A TAPE.
SWINDLE TAPED THE WHOLE THING. LOOKS LIKE A HOLOGRAPHIC RECORDER, TOO. HE GOT IMAGES.
I *KNOW* WHERE IT IS. WE'LL BURN STARSCREAM FOR THIS. BLAST OFF.
WE'LL BURN THEM ALL.
WHO'S "THEM"?! WE CAN'T FIGHT EVERYONE! THIS IS ABOUT JUSTICE. REMEMBER? NOT *VENGEANCE!* WE NEED TO FIND THE TAPE.
WE NEED TO ***EXPOSE*** STARSCREAM.
KRRCH
PFFT
SKREEE
FIND THE TAPE.

WHAT THE SCRAP?!
ALL UNITS! I'M GETTING REPORTS OF A MAJOR DISASTER IN SECTOR 4.
EVERYONE! MOVE OUT!
KRUNCH
FIND... IT!
...BUUURRRRNNN...

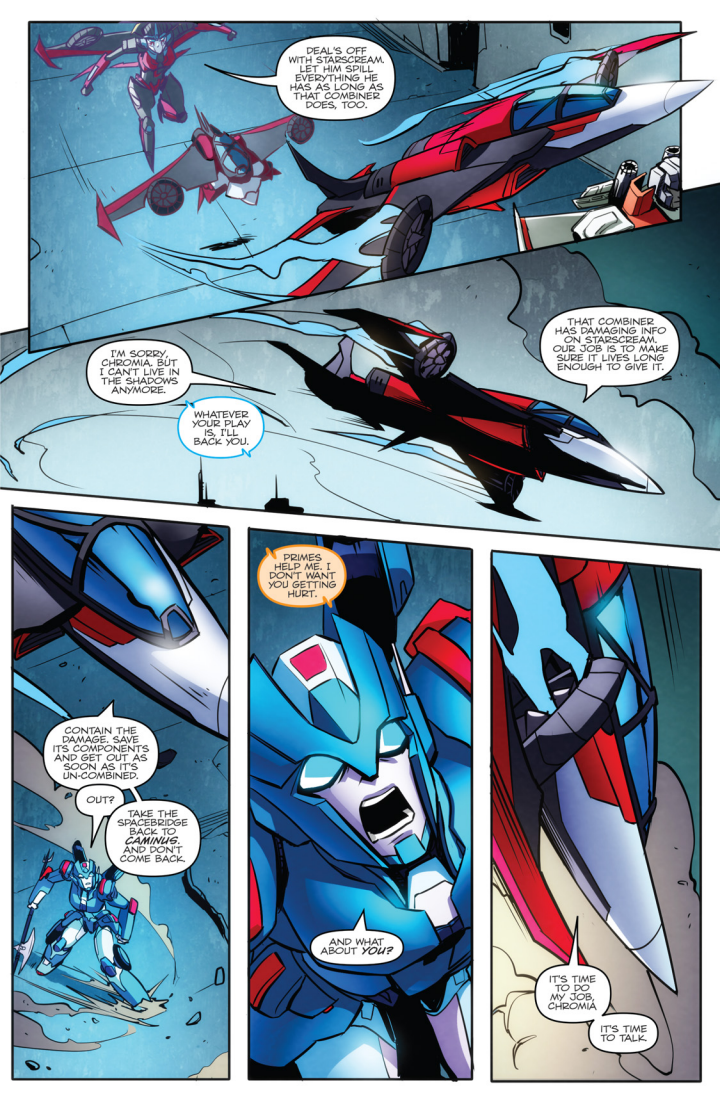
SPARKSTALKER! TANKORS! YOU'RE WITH ME! WE GOT REPORTS OF SOME KIND OF ASSAILANT CAUSING THIS. I WANT THEM FOUND AND CONTAINED.
EVERYONE ELSE, I WANT ALL 'BOTS WITHIN HALF A KLICK AND THE COUNCIL MEMBERS EVACUATED TO FALLBACK POINT 9.
YOU TRAINED FOR THIS. SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO.
WHERE'S BLAST OFF?!
DIDN'T PICK UP HIS COMM, HE—

—OH.
BLAST OFF'S... IN THERE?!
BUUURRRNNN.
IRONHIDE, I—I—
WHATEVER SHAPE YOU TAKE, I KNOW WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE, ONSLAUGHT.
BLAST OFF. IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THIS WAY!
STOP NOW AND WE'LL TALK THIS OUT, KEEP GOING AND WE'LL HAVE TO DESTROY YOU!

BOOM
I'LL KILL YOU ALL!
BURN!
FZZT
FZZT
STOP! THIS ISN'T OUR MISSION!
THEY'RE ALL OUR MISSION! THEY'RE ALL IN THE WAY!
AH!
CRUNK

FOLLOW ME, SIR. WE'LL GET YOU TO SAFETY.
HFF. I'M SURE YOU WILL.
YOU RANG? BECAUSE I'D RATHER BE HELPING IRONHIDE CALM THIS COMBINER DOWN, STARSCREAM.
YOU KNOW, BEING USEFUL.
DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T RECOGNIZE THOSE COLOR SCHEMES. THAT COMBINER WOULDN'T EXIST IF YOU HAD *DONE YOUR JOB.*
MY JOB IS TO HELP CYBERTRON AND CAMINUS PROSPER, NOT TO BE YOUR SPY.
WELL, CONSIDER YOURSELF PROMOTED TO ASSASSIN, BECAUSE IF THAT BRUTE OF A COMBINER LIVES THROUGH THIS, I'LL HOLD YOU PERSONALLY RESPONSIBLE.
THAT'S TOO FAR, STARSCREAM. I WON'T KILL TO PROTECT YOUR SECRETS.
THEN KILL TO PROTECT *YOURS.*

URGH!
GET OUT OF HERE! IF HE SPOTS YOU, I DON'T WANT TO BE RESPONSIBLE.
YOU'RE NOT COMIN'?
I HAVE WORK TO DO.
BPP BPP
TALK FAST, BOSS.
CHROMIA! LISTEN CAREFULLY.

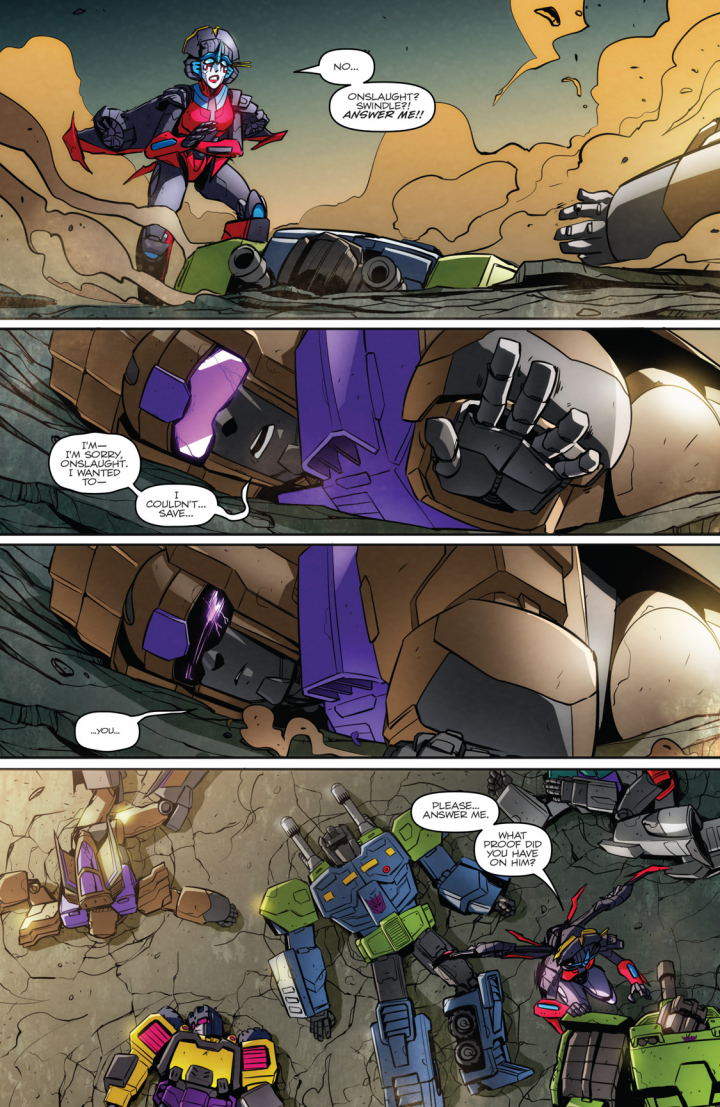

DEAL'S OFF WITH STARSCREAM. LET HIM SPILL EVERYTHING HE HAS AS LONG AS THAT COMBINER DOES, TOO.
I'M SORRY, CHROMIA, BUT I CAN'T LIVE IN THE SHADOWS ANYMORE.
WHATEVER YOUR PLAY IS, I'LL BACK YOU.
THAT COMBINER HAS DAMAGING INFO ON STARSCREAM. OUR JOB IS TO MAKE SURE IT LIVES LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE IT.
CONTAIN THE DAMAGE. SAVE ITS COMPONENTS AND GET OUT AS SOON AS IT'S UN-COMBINED.
OUT?
TAKE THE SPACEBRIDGE BACK TO *CAMINUS*, AND DON'T COME BACK.
PRIMES, HELP ME. I DON'T WANT YOU GETTING HURT.
AND WHAT ABOUT *YOU?*
IT'S TIME TO DO MY JOB, CHROMIA
IT'S TIME TO TALK.

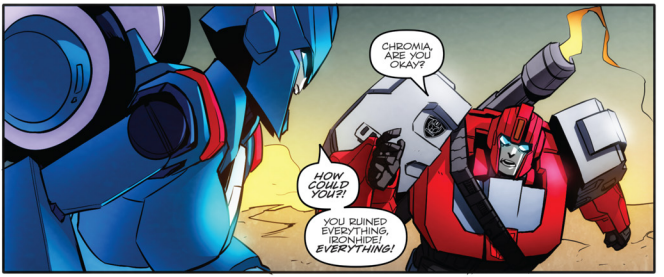
IRONHIDE! HOLD YOUR FIRE!
WINDBLADE'S GONNA TRY TO TALK HIM DOWN!
DON'T WANNA DOUBT YOU, CHROMIA.
BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S THERE ENOUGH TO HAVE A CONVERSATION.
WE HAVE TO TRY.
...FINE.
EVERYONE! AIM FOR THE LEGS! CRIPPLE, NOT KILL!
ONSLAUGHT!
LISTEN TO ME!

I KNOW YOU'RE FIGHTING AGAINST STARSCREAM, AND I WANT TO HELP YOU DO IT. I—
LIAR!
AHH!
WINDBLADE!
URGH... HHHOLD YOUR FIRE.

JUST US. IT SHOULD BE JUST— URK!
NO!
HUFF! HUFF!
GET... OUT OF... HERE.
SORRY, BOSS. NO WAY.
CHROMIA! NO!
AARRH!

WE DON'T NEED ANYONE EL—
KRSH
GHOOM
KURK
KURK
KURK
KURK


NO...
ONSLAUGHT? SWINDLE?! ANSWER ME!!
I'M— I'M SORRY, ONSLAUGHT. I WANTED TO—
I COULDN'T... SAVE...
...YOU...
PLEASE... ANSWER ME.
WHAT PROOF DID YOU HAVE ON HIM?

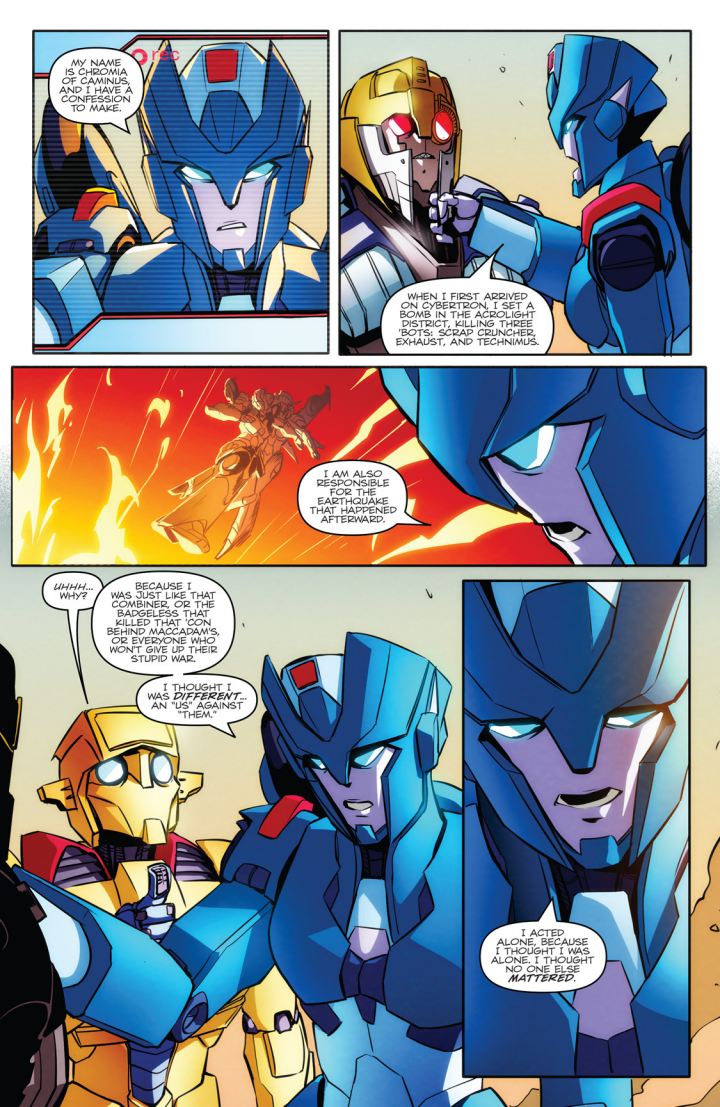

CHROMIA, ARE YOU OKAY?
HOW COULD YOU?!
YOU RUINED EVERYTHING, IRONHIDE! EVERYTHING!

I SAVED YOU.
IT'S NOT YOUR JOB TO SAVE ME.

IT'S MY JOB TO SAVE HER.

MAYBE I STILL CAN.
CHROMIA, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!

rec
...APPEARS TO BE— HEY?


MY NAME IS CHROMIA OF CAMINUS, AND I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE.
WHEN I FIRST ARRIVED ON CYBERTRON, I SET A BOMB IN THE ACROLIGHT DISTRICT, KILLING THREE 'BOTS: SCRAP CRUNCHER, EXHAUST, AND TECHNIMUS.
I AM ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR THE EARTHQUAKE THAT HAPPENED AFTERWARD.
UHHH... WHY?
BECAUSE I WAS JUST LIKE THAT COMBINER, OR THE BADGELESS THAT KILLED THAT 'CON BEHIND MACCADAM'S, OR EVERYONE WHO WON'T GIVE UP THEIR STUPID WAR.
I THOUGHT I WAS *DIFFERENT*... AN "US" AGAINST "THEM."
I ACTED ALONE, BECAUSE I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE. I THOUGHT NO ONE ELSE *MATTERED*.

I HOPE YOU LEARN FROM MY MISTAKES.
CHROMIA...
DO YOUR JOB, IRONHIDE. SHOW THEM NO ONE IS ABOVE THE LAW.
CHROMIA OF CAMINUS, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR MURDER, CONSPIRACY TO COMMIT MURDER, AND CRIMES AGAINST CYBERTRON.
I HOPE IT WAS WORTH IT.

YOU CAN ONLY STAY IN THE SHADOWS FOR SO LONG, IRONHIDE.
"AT SOME POINT...
"...NO MATTER HOW HARD IT IS...
"...YOU HAVE TO STEP INTO THE LIGHT."

Art by Alex Milne, Colors by Josh Perez

Art by Livio Ramondelli

Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher, Colors by Thomas Deer

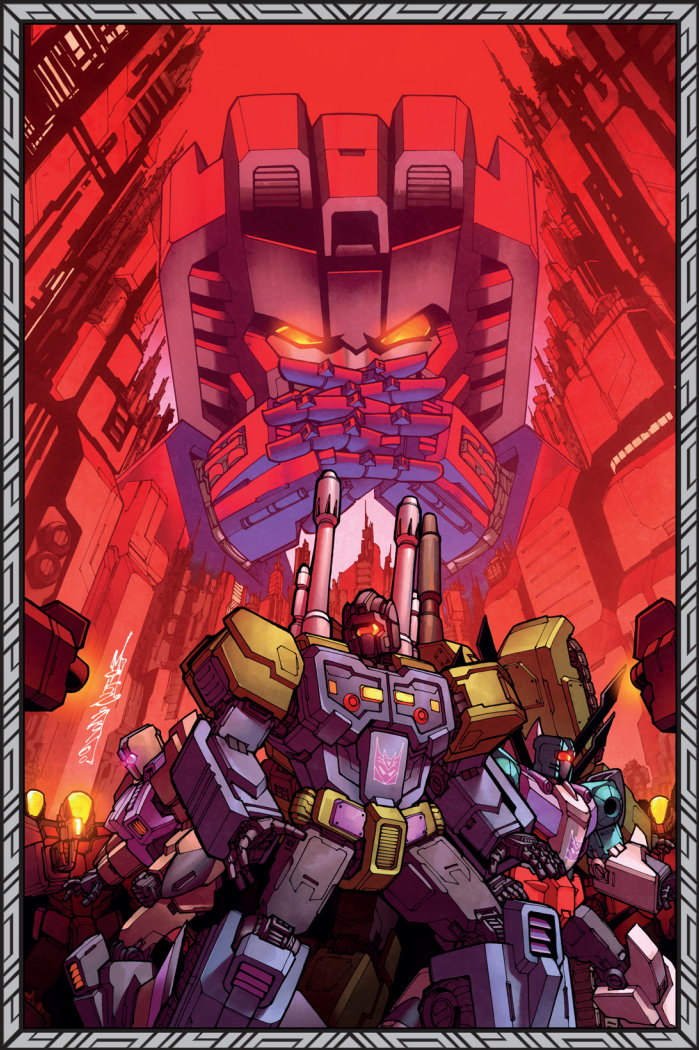
Art by Alex Milne, Colors by Josh Perez

Art by Priscilla Tramontano

Art by Carlos Valenzuela

Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher, Colors by Thomas Deer

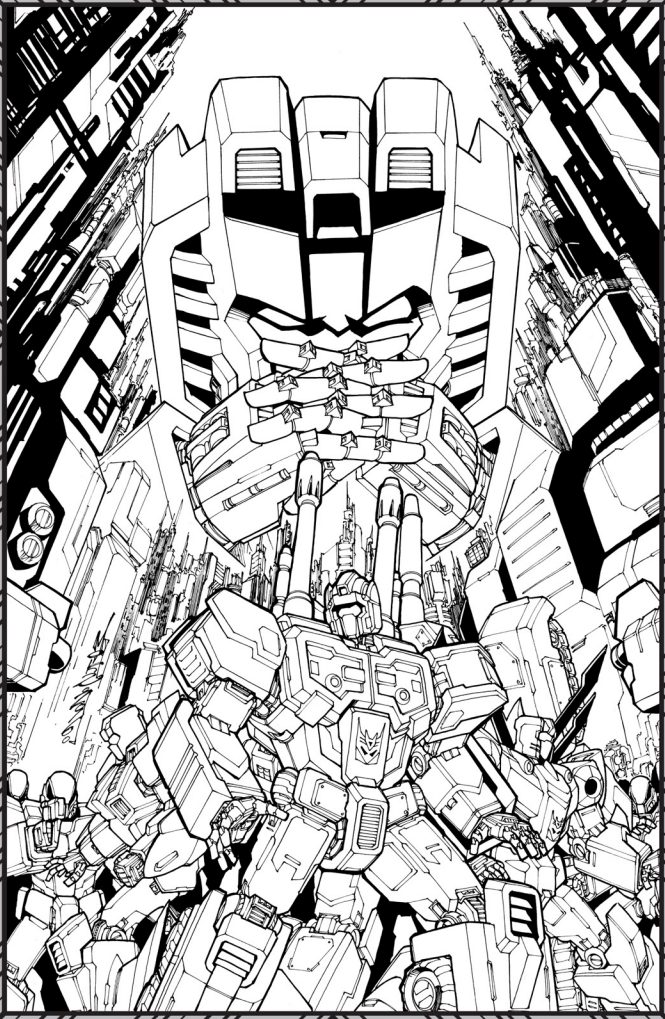
Art by Thomas Deer



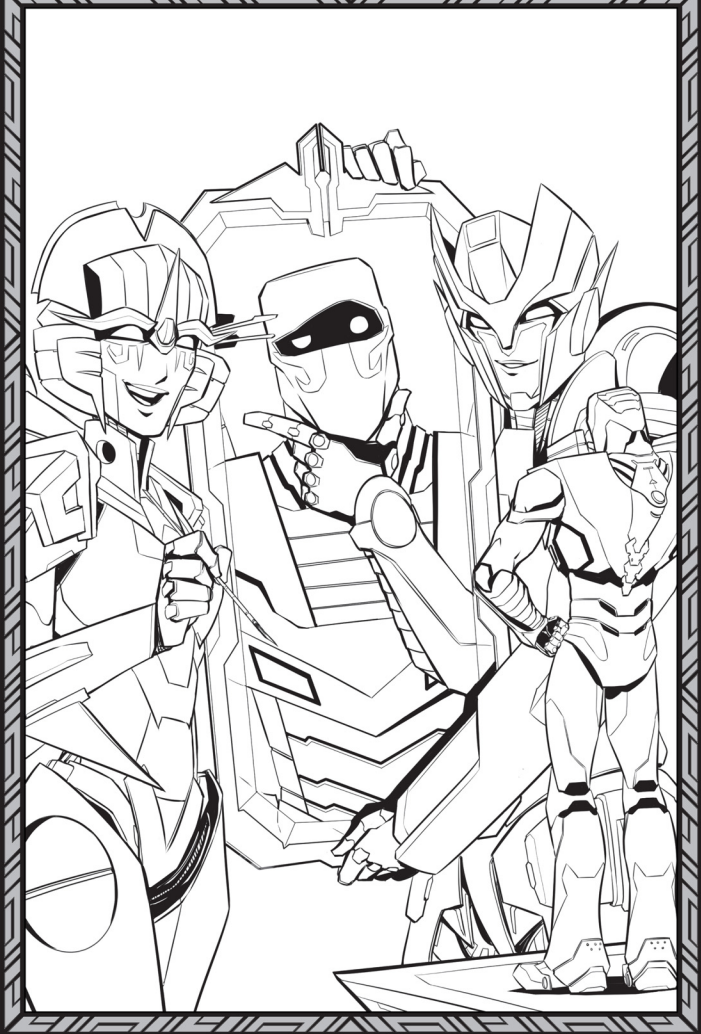
Art by Alex Milne, Colors by Josh Perez

Art by Thomas Deer

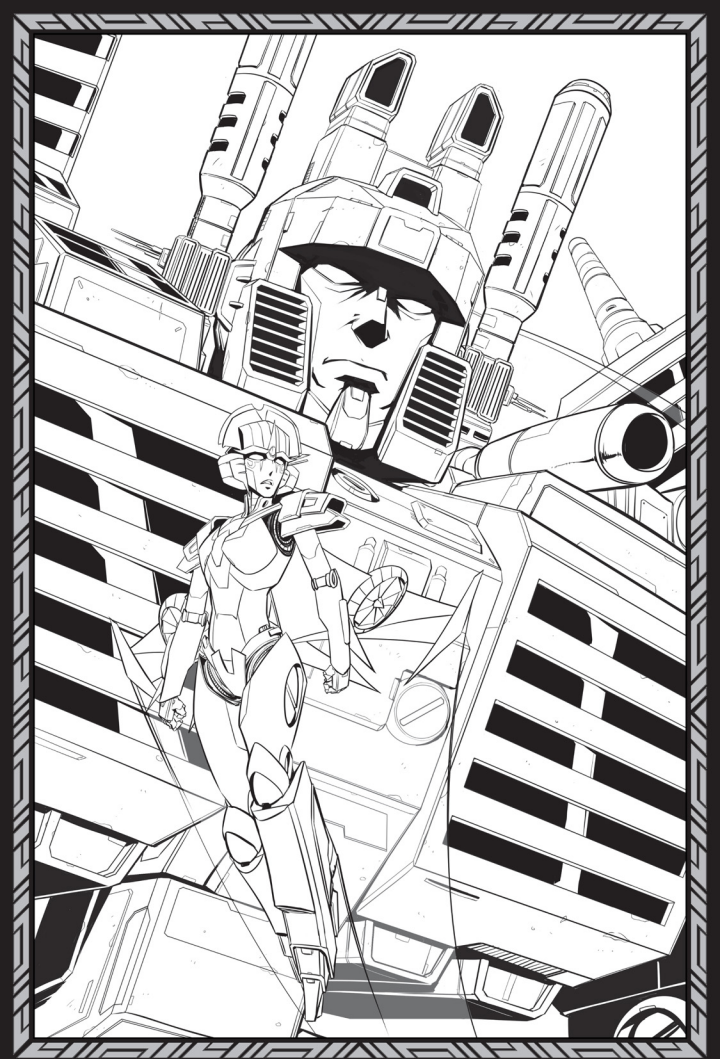
Art by Priscilla Tramontano



Art by Alex Milne



Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher



Art by Sara Pitre-Durocher

TRANSFORMERS

TRANSFORMERS:
LAST STAND OF THE WRECKERS
ISBN: 978-1-60010-716-0

TRANSFORMERS:
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE, VOL. 1
ISBN: 978-1-61377-964-4

TRANSFORMERS:
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE, VOL. 2
ISBN: 978-1-61377-498-4

TRANSFORMERS: WINDBLADE
ISBN: 978-1-63140-052-0

TRANSFORMERS:
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE, VOL. 1
ISBN: 978-1-61377-297-3

TRANSFORMERS:
ROBOTS IN DISGUISE, VOL. 2
ISBN: 978-1-61377-541-7

TRANSFORMERS:
THE IDW COLLECTION PHASE TWO, VOL. 1
ISBN: 978-1-63140-040-7

ON SALE NOW

Licensed By:

IDW

Hasbro

www.idwpublishing.com

HASBRO and its logo, TRANSFORMERS, and all related characters are trademarks of Hasbro and are used with permission. © 2016 Hasbro. All Rights Reserved.